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MICHAEL DWYER

OR

THE INSURGENT CAPTAIN

OF

THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS

A TALE OF THE RISING IN '98

BY

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MICHAEL DWYER,*

THE INSURGENT CAPTAIN OF THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The humblest author cannot approach the subject of any sketch, the scene of which is laid in the beautiful county of Wicklow, without being tempted to luxuriate for awhile in the contemplation of all that the God of Nature has done to make it one of the grandest localities in the whole island. Look at the glorious accessories rising up on every side as the magic scenery for a great drama of landscape life—the mountains cuirassed with granite and quartz; the copsewood glens sloping away softly and sweetly into infinite distance; the rough ravines, either horrid with bristling rocks or foam with tumbling torrents; the natural forests, dense, variegated, and bowery; the Arcadian valleys, with rich emerald verdure, or wandering away under shady mountains which mellowed them with a mid-day gloom; the rushing streams singing, rolling, and rustling through brushwood brakes, or down the rugged openings amid the hills, where the game-bird loved to nestle, and the water ousel to watch, the whole live-long day, perched on a golden-mossed stone, and chirping his short and merry chaunt, as he took his morning bath or fished in the sparkling shallows; then, again, the waving plains, like prairies of the West, hid deep in lovely richness, and extending on every side to the far-off mountains, whose huge proportions framed-in the whole, making it one vast enrapturing Eden.

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In the midst of these enchanting retreats was born Michael Dwyer, the hero of the true and well-authenticated history which we now proceed to present to our readers.

His father was a respectable farmer, living on the borders of the beautiful Glen of Imale, and under the brow of the "monarch of the Wicklow mountains," Lugnaquillia. Many and many a time did the young Dwyer set gins for the gray plover, in his childhood, along the dreary peat-crowned plain that enveloped its huge base, and waged war upon the finny tribe of the Ow, as it issued out of the dell of the "South Prison," and carried down to the Aughrim river, like a hank of silver serpents, the innumerable little rivulets that glided out of the mountain's side, and coiled and uncoiled themselves in their devious course, as they dropped into the stony furrows that wrinkled the precipitous way.

The peasant child was an early and passionate lover of nature. It could scarcely happen otherwise. He was cradled in the midst of mountains: the eastern Wet Mountain, the Table Mountain, the Great Lugnaquillia, Slievereagh, Readen, Baltinglass, Rathcoran, Rathnagee,—these were the sponsors at his birth; and the laver of his baptism was supplied by the placid waters of the Slaney. His peasant blood was purified by the wildest winds of heaven, and the lofty hill-paths developed very early the muscles of his elastic limbs. In the far-off blue of the cloudless horizon his young vision was sharpened; and in the solitudes of crag, and cave, and secret fastness, and in the moonlit valleys and dangerous wintry gorges, he instantly acquired a companionship with day and night, and a familiarity with gloom and sunshine, which laid the foundation of an indomitable bravery, and a total unconsciousness of a shadow of fear, which stood him in right good stead on the trying road of life that lay so straight before him. Kind reader, we are merely writing the life of a peasant; but do not be scandalized—the best blood of Ireland, the hotest in her cause, the staunchest in her need, the profusest at her feet, was ever the peasant's—the mere peasant's—ay, from the Rapparees of Limerick to the rebels of '98—from the tithe-bands of Leinster to the muster on Slievnamon.

Young Dwyer was not wholly uneducated, as some writers have misrepresented; on the contrary, his anxious father took the greatest care to have him instructed under the best tutelage the surrounding country could afford, and, for this

purpose, he engaged the services of a teacher named Peter Burr—a man the very antipodes of a model-school functionary of the present day.

Peter Burr's seminary was situated on the side of Ballyhubbuck hill. It looked upon the ruins of the old abbey church of Kilranelagh, upon the precincts of which was St. Bridget's well, that oozed out of the side of the mountain rock, formed its pure pellucid moonlike circle below, and then went off in a merry rivulet down the abrupt declivity, like some pure-souled devotee that goes off rejoicing after the performance of her pious orisons;—yes, St. Bridget's well—and chair and headstone, by the side of which many a blue-rimmed cup was placed by the good old people long ago, when young and tender children died, and were buried in the consecrated ground—snowy drinking cups, peace-tinged, that the spirits of the dead and gone might quaff of the holy well, and join with the blessed saint in offering up prayers of expiation for their sojourning friends upon the earth. Farther off, and deeper down, was a rude bridge spanning a narrow rapid river—Green's river—hurrying away to the Slaney. Farther away still, was the Glen of Imale, in which stood the private residence of the aforesaid Peter Burr; for Peter was a respectable man in his calling, and had the honour of being private tutor to many of the highest families in Wicklow. Therefore, it is clear that our young hero was in good and fair hands to receive fitting instruction, and could not be the illiterate lad whom some of our literati have so designated.

Peter Burr, too,—may God bless his memory!—taught something in his school beyond Mathematics and the universal Geography. Pastorini was one of his favourite books, and the Prophecies of Columbkill, from the original Gaelic. Frequently he enchanted his pupils by the recitals of local legends, and the historic accounts of the chivalry of the "mere Irish," and the details of English tyranny and oppression, and of how grand and majestic the dear island was in the days of her independence, when piety and learning and glory—a better trio for a painter than the three virgins intended to typify the united Kingdoms—went hand in hand and heart to heart; and of how Ireland had her kings and princes—kings braver than the Georges, and princes more chivalrous than the Germans. Peter Burr, too, knew the history of the Geraldines, and the Mahonys, and Burkes,

of the O'Neils, and of the Brigade. He could point out every little field upon his own model maps, and often hinted how they could be fought over again, and many of them with far better results. Peter Burr was a Reformer, and his meditated reform was anything but Anglican. Such was the master of the Ballyhubbuck hill seminary, that looked down upon Kilranelagh's ruined church, and the old graveyard, and St. Bridget's well, and the chair, and the headstone. Young Michael Dwyer was an apt scholar. He imbibed the rudiments of education well and fast; but above all, he drank in the story and the legend, and the sound of liberty, and the heat of battle. The love of country crept into his very soul, and became a part of his being; and simultaneously with it, dwelt a hatred of Saxon sway and the despotism of oppression. These feelings grew with his growth and strengthened as they grew, until he, too, became a reader and expounder of patriotism, and a firm believer in the prophecies of Columbkill.

Our young hero, too, had a spirit and resolution fully commensurate with his love of Fatherland. He was the bravest of the brave amongst his young companions; indeed, so much so, that upon the occurrence of any rustic duel, he was sure to be constituted umpire, and to be selected to arrange all preliminaries, as well as to decide all points of punctilio and knotty instances of deliberation. In fact, he was amongst his fellows, what Florian describes his William Tell to have been when he sate amongst the elders at the archery practice in the Tyrol. He himself seldom or never provoked a combat—he was too kind, social, and companionable; but at the same time he never refused a challenge or brooked the slightest contumely. This fact was well understood by all who knew him, and served to preserve the even tenor of his way through the whole continuation of his school days. Those days at length came to a close, and then Dwyer might have been frequently seen in a sunny angle, on the holiday or Sabbath, when mass was over and the congregation dispersed and gone, poring over his favourite books, and making calculations from the prophecies of the holy seers, as to when it was likely that those contingencies might be expected to arise, for which his heart panted and his warmest aspirations were perpetually anticipating. Events were ripening as he was reading, and hanging over him, as he lay—like clouds in the deepening sunset.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MICHAEL DWYER now took to reading general Irish history of the battles of bygone days, when Owen Rowe astonished the *Red Soldiers* in the North; when Hugh had won his phœnix plume, and Sarsfield blew up the Sassenah's guns at the castle of Ballynetty, and swept the Sassenahs over the walls of Limerick; when Essex fled for his dear life from the *Pass* of the *Plumes*, and Lord Grey left the flower of his grand array to carpet with crimson corpses the fatal valley of Imale. Nor was the young Wicklow man alone now in his studies. Several youths voluntarily became his disciples and friends, and read and listened, and gleaned and vowed, and yearned with him to strike a blow like Owen, to blow up the Sassenahs like Sarsfield, and to furnish anew, and with as rich and as red an upholstery, the trampled verdure of their native valleys. Matters went on after this fashion for some few years, until discontent began to thicken over the land, and the hand of the oppressor and the false legislator began to grow heavier and heavier upon the people of the soil, and the rulers' creatures to become so intolerant and outrageous that the blood of the people began to get hot and seethe, and sometimes to overflow and cry to heaven for vengeance. This is no enthusiast's picture nor democrat's wild dream. Every man who knows anything of Irish political history is well aware that, since the memorable epoch of 1782, England was in an agony to reduce this country to an utter state of abject serfdom—to annihilate her trade and commerce, to stamp out her nationality, and, above all, and in order to effect all this, to carry the odious and destructive measure of the *Union*. For this purpose were the old penal enactments brought again into play; for this purpose was the fountain of justice befouled and desecrated daily; for this purpose was Protestant hounded against Catholic, until Irishmen of all forms of belief became equally ground beneath the same iron heel at last; and it only required a Pitt and a Castlereagh to realize the merciless policy, by openly setting all their engines to work to drive the whole population into rebellion. The plot succeeded in all its devilish detail

The insurrection broke out in Ireland, and there came to the rescue of the harassed and goaded country, irrespective of class or creed, such men as Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Napper Tandy, John and Henry Sheares, Hamilton Rowan, Arthur O'Connor, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Russell, M'Nevin, Jackson, Thomas Addis Emmet, Neilson, Harvey, Colclough, Byrne, and a host of others, with the catalogue of whose names we might fill this chapter.

No wonder that the ardent temperament of Michael Dwyer precipitated him into such glorious companionship, and that he soon secured employment under the banner of the new Irish executive. He was appointed to the post of captain under General Byrne, of Ballymanus, for swearing in and marshalling the insurgents of the Wicklow Mountains—both of which trusts he executed with unprecedented success. The Irish Rebel was now in his true element. Armed to the teeth and accompanied by a faithful band of friends and associates, he took part in all the bloody skirmishes of his native valleys. Ever foremost in the fray, he soon became a distinguished leader in the fight, and his efforts were almost invariably crowned with victory; and—

"Not alone were his adventures of a startling character, but the scenes among which he wandered are unmatched for their quiet, regular, and diversified loveliness. There may be spots in Ireland which, standing alone, surpass Power's Court, Delgany, the Djouce, Lough Bray, Lough Dan, the Sugar Loaf, the Meeting of the Waters, or the Seven Churches; but, taking them all together—and they are within a circle not more than twenty miles in diameter—they constitute a group of loveliness nowhere else to be found, in the island, or, perhaps, in the world. They are classic ground, too, every inch; for the O'Byrnes held haughty sway within their sacred precincts for four hundred years, in defiance of the Normans, until the time of Fiach MacAedha (Feagh MacHugh), who often consecrated their beauty by the blood of the Talbots, when they were prompted, by an evil fate, to seek him in his mountain hold.

"The sept or clan O'Dwyer is of high lineage, and dates from farthest antiquity. It produced in days long remote, and in far nearer ages, chieftains and warriors of great renown. Ugani Mor, Ardrigh from A.M. 3586 to 3602, according to Dr. Keating, was the common ancestor of the

O'Dwyers, O'Tooles, O'Gormans, Fitzpatricks, and their co-relatives. He seems to have been the common stock through whose son, Laegaire Lore, these families with others branched off from the nothern Ui Neill, through whom they trace their pedigree back to Heremon, son of Miledh. Many of the descendants of Ugani Mor were kings of Ireland and of Leinster, princes of Ossory, &c.; but he was himself distinguished above many that went before as well as came after him. He had twenty-two sons and three daughters. These sons, it is said, were in the habit of making free tours through the island, and with their vast retinue consuming the whole produce of the districts as they passed. Complaint was made to the king their father, and at an audience given to the complainants it was agreed that stipend should be paid to each of the king's sons and daughters, from each of twenty-eight districts into which Ireland was divided for that end. Many of these districts retain the names given them to the present day.

"Among the descendants of Ugani was Cathaeir Mor, who became Ardrigh A.D. 120 or 122. He was almost as remarkable a man as his great ancestor, leaving no less than thirty sons, twenty-two of whom had issue, from whom have sprung many of the noble Milesian families of Leinster. His celebrated and singular will, published in Leabhar na g-Ceart, is well known through the magnificent translation of James Clarence Mangan. Duibher, the man from whom the name of Dwyer is derived, was the 45th in descent from Ugani, and the 20th in ascent from Philip Dwyer, who lived in Keating's time, and was by him set down as the head of his family. The ancestors of the O'Dwyers of old held large patrimonies and long sway in Leinster; but in later times they were reduced to the territory, now the barony, of Kilnamanagh, in Tipperary, of which a small portion vested in the late John O'Dwyer, barrister-at-law. Whether any one of the name now owns this remnant of a royal inheritance, converted into feudal tenure by landlord law, and stolen from the rightful owners in the feudal days by a perjury of conscience, this history cannot relate.

"Nor can it explain how so many branches of that regal house became 'tenants' on the lands their ancestors owned, and paid rent to the stranger; and sowed that he may reap; and threshed that he may eat; and sweated and warped and hardened, of back and hand, that his cup may sparkle, and

his bed be downy. Of that numerous progeny, so doomed, Michael Dwyer was one."—JOHN O'MAHONY.

In this sort of terrible cruel strife, the insurrection went on, both parties slaying and burning, and fighting and fleeing, alternately, until the bloody drama began at last to come to a close, and the people were betrayed, beaten, and almost exterminated. We have not space, nor is it within the scope of our present task, to go into the details of the tyranny on the one hand, with its new legislature of gun and bayonet, pitch cap and triangle, halter and scourge; and on the other hand, the furious reprisals of pike and scythe, and secret ambush, and guerilla charge. Enough, that the people were conquered, and that the merciless work of death began, and went on unsparingly, until at length a pacificator was sent to staunch the ebbing life-stream of the land, in the person of the Marquis of Huntly, who encamped one day at Leitram, in the Glen of Imale.

No sooner were the pacific intentions of this humane nobleman made generally known, than numbers of the heart-broken peasantry rushed to him for succour; nor were any of the insurgents themselves refused a protection when they frankly came forward and pledged themselves to offer no further opposition to the *paternal* government that had more than decimated the whole country wide. Amongst those who availed themselves of the Marquis's generosity was the arch rebel of the mountains—Michael O'Dwyer. Our young captain now returned once more to his home. His father and mother still lived, as did his three brothers, none of whom ever joined him, either before or after, in any of his patriotic exploits.

There were two sisters also—Mary and Catherine—the latter, a very pretty girl, both of whom subsequently made most excellent matches with mercantile men of high respectability, and principally for the prestige they acquired by being sisters to one of the bravest and boldest men that ever trod the paths of an utterly enslaved country.

We said that Dwyer returned home with his *protection*. So indeed he did, but the Orange yeomanry were still abroad, recovered from their mortal terror, and like all such cowards, wreaking vengeance everywhere upon the disarmed and helpless peasantry. The atrocities committed by those scoundrels can scarcely be credited—and that, too, when the insurrection was entirely over, and all opposition at an end.

They roamed the country like fiends incarnate, and their superiors (whenever they happened to be so inclined) in vain interposed to check their cowardly excesses. The Irish Orange yeoman was the absolute personification of everything foul, heartless, sensual and degrading in man.

Surrounded by such villains, *protections* were utterly useless; and just to give the reader an idea of how this fact became too painfully evident, we will cite an incident which took place immediately upon Dwyer's return home, and within the very locality where his people resided. There was a yeoman named F——, a very prominent wrecker amongst the Wicklow Militia. This fellow, we have learned, was the only individual of a respectable Protestant family who signalized himself in wanton acts of cruelty and ferocity towards the prostrate people. One day he accosted a poor peasant boy, whom he met on the highway, and the following dialogue took place between them:—

"I think I know you, my man," commenced the yeoman.

"Very likely," was the reply. "What do you know of me?"

"I know you to be of a bad breed!"

"My breed is as well known in Wicklow as your own, and nothing was ever known of them but what was honest and decent."

"Were you not *out* with Dwyer? Answer me that."

"Well, what of that? I got my 'protection' from the Marquis of Huntly."

"You did, did you?"

"I did so, and there it is in black and white" (showing the written paper).

"All right so far; but I see he did not seal it for you; hand it here, and I'll put the mark the government always wishes to see upon a rebel's credentials."

The young peasant, nothing doubting, handed the required document, which F—— seized in an instant, and tore into a thousand atoms, then, raising his musket, he blew out the boy's brains. This is a well-authenticated fact, and only one of the many which might be readily adduced to verify our general statement. Many of the insurgents were forced by the yeomanry to eat their "protections," and then were either tortured or murdered. A peasant in Wexford was flogged to death for wearing a little ring with a shamrock on it; and another for wearing a green tie around his neck. It is

tolerably well known that Lord Edward Fitzgerald, with some of his friends, were met on the Curragh of Kildare by some ultra-loyal officers of his Majesty's army, who demanded why his lordship wore a green silk handkerchief. The reply was contemptuous and scathing, and his lordship, tossing his card to the insolent questioners, rode on to his hotel, and waited there all day in hopes of the grossly-insulted party demanding satisfaction; but the insolent bullies proved themselves rank cowards: they adopted the less perilous course, and swallowed the dishonour.

The murder of Father Ryan of Arklow was another instance of the savage cruelty of those villains whom the *paternal* government of the day let loose upon the country. He was an old man and a most exemplary priest. He never took any part, either in the politics of the time, nor was he in the slightest way connected with any insurgent movement. But these facts were no security for his class or creed. On the road from Arklow to Cooladangan, four yeomen of Arkin's corps cooly concocted a plan for his cold-blooded murder. They were even heard at their horrid council, and absolutely warned by one less sanguinary, of their own party —warned not to dare commit the crime they so deliberately meditated. But the warning was treated lightly enough, and the devil had too powerful a grasp of the minds of the determined homicides.

The same night, in their yeoman uniform, and armed with muskets, with blackened faces (a needless precaution), the four miscreants visited the cottage of their doomed victim. Bursting in the door they rushed up stairs, and straight into the priest's bedroom. He was in bed; and a nephew of his, a lad of about sixteen years of age, was just preparing to go to rest in a small apartment immediately overhead, so that he distinctly heard every word spoken by the parties in the bloody scene.

"Are you Priest Ryan?"

"Indeed I am, gentlemen," meekly replied the poor old man.

"We want money, do you hear? and at once, without any palaver." Here the muskets were allowed to crash on the boards.

"Money? Bless your souls, I am not worth any money. God knows, the only coin in the house, one half-crown, lies on the table there by the side of my watch."

"We'll take the watch, then, or you must let us have more cash than this."

"Ah, don't, gentlemen; that watch is great company to me, and, besides, it is a gift from a dear friend, now no more."

"Shoot the old dog, if he doesn't shell out the money."

Here the old priest sat up in the bed and wound the blankets around him.

"Wicked men!" he groaned; "it is my life you seek, and not money. Welcome be the will of God. Oh! oh! oh! Three of the demons discharged their weapons into his body, and left him there a corpse.

One other incident, and we will have done with those horrid details, and return to the hero of our present biography.

There was a yeoman at Naas at this time, named W—, better known by the sobriquet of "Billy the Bottle." This wretch entertained a grudge towards a poor man in his neighbourhood, and whom he met one evening returning from his work. Some altercation took place between the parties, when the yeoman drew a pistol and shot his antagonist dead—at least, this is the traditional account of the matter in that locality. Shooting a poor peasant, however, would not have so struck our attention if other and most aggravating circumstances were not connected with the infamous event. On that night, and when the corpse was *waking*, surrounded by some mourning friends, W—, attended by two fellow-yeomen, entered the miserable cabin, and producing a bottle of whisky, offered some of it to the women present. But they rejected it with horror, and turned away in loathing from the heartless intruder. "What!" exclaimed W—, with a brutal laugh, "do ye refuse the good liquor? Why, d—n it, that is more than the corpse ever did in his life-time." Then turning to the bier, he continued—"Eh, Ruggedy Jack, will you take a small tint? it will warm you in your new lodging. What! not a word; then, blast you, you beggar, you must have a smoke;" and he thrust a pipe, which he snatched from the table, into the mouth of the dead man. With a shriek of horror and rage, the women flew at the unnatural monster; but his companions interposed, and brought him away uninjured. There are other traditionary incidents remembered to this hapless man's discredit, through Naas and its environs, but which we will not now wait to recapitulate.

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT, AND AN INSURGENT'S BRIDAL.

Beyond all that we have stated, there were many other and urgent reasons for Dwyer's taking to the hills once more; —yes, and against his own wish, as well as in opposition to certain feelings natural to the human heart. The insurgent chief had to carry with him into the wildest fastnesses of Wicklow a dearly beloved wife and two rosy little urchins, who were much better fitted to adorn a quiet cottage door than to begin so early to rough it amongst the mountains.

We have purposely reserved the description of the gallant Captain's bridal for the present chapter, although it took place early in his guerilla life, and in the midst of some of the busiest scenes of his most eventful career against the enemies of his country. There 's such a dash of Celtic chivalry about it, with regard to all the parties concerned, that we will try to enter into its spirit, and record it both in prose and verse, to the best of our humble ability.

Down from the mountain of Kaigeen, where was planted an insurgent camp, dashed forty horsemen. They wore green cockades on their hats, and on their breasts were crosses of Saint Patrick. They were a gallant band, and were armed to the teeth, although their foray was anything but inimical to the peace of the surrounding country. One tall, athletic man, with a joyous face and keen and laughing eye, daringly led the van. The pace of the whole party was furious and headlong, and the very horses which they bestrode seemed to second the will of their riders in their zealous efforts to bound down the mountain tracks, and speed to the place and the scene of their intended expedition. The men were all garbed as peasants, and their weapons were carabines and pistols, except their leader, who wore a long straight dagger, which added considerably to the picturesqueness of his exterior.

In the midst of the group was one unoccupied saddle—one led animal—a rough but noble-looking bay, towards which the leader (Dwyer) often looked back with pride and evident satisfaction. Hurrah! On they sped, over brake and torrent, through gorge and gully, down the dell and up the heights, until, by a green hill's side, a few snug farm-

houses appeared, and the ban-dogs bayed at the sound of the trampling of the approaching horses. Dwyer now seized the rein of the free charger, and, drawing a sea-whistle from his breast, blew a wild but sweet note, which was lovingly embraced by the echoes, and carried away in triumph into the bosom of the mountains. Then came forth from the snuggest of the homesteads a tall, young blushing maiden, most beautiful even amongst Wicklow girls, where so many contend for the palm. She was Dwyer's Mary, the intended bride of the outlaw, the object of his chivalrous visit. The men cheered aloud as she stepped from her parents' threshold, and advanced to meet her gallant lover, who had speedily dismounted to receive her hearty greeting, whilst the neighbouring peasantry looked on in the most marked delight, and the father and mother blessed her as she passed, and yearningly looked towards Dwyer with flowing eyes and tenderest smiles, as if they knew they need not tell him to take care of the darling girl, who thus fearlessly and lovingly went forth to share his glories and his troubles—him whom they all loved—their defender—their protector—the terror of the marauding and murdering yeomen—their hero—their idol—their friend!

Dwyer's Mary kissed her father and mother, and waving her hand laughingly to her friends and neighbours, tripped buoyantly up to the champing bay, and seizing his long mane firmly in her right hand, lightly sprang into the empty saddle. Dwyer flung the bridle to her, and the steed sprang into the air; but the Wicklow girl only laughed the louder, and she kept her seat most airily and gracefully, her fine figure admirably set off with a tight-fitting dress of green cloth, and a green silk hat upon her head, which permitted her long auburn hair to flow down in rich thick curls upon her shoulders. Dwyer was soon again at the head of his men, with his intended bride by his side, and now their course was straight towards Green's river, upon the banks of whose waters stood the unpretending little slated mansion of Father John Murphy. Here the whole party soon rode up in the same dashing style, and, better than all, the priest was at home. But an unexpected difficulty came now in the way. Father John looked upon the affair as an abduction, or, at least, that the girl had not the consent of her parents.

With true Irish delicacy, Dwyer hesitated to ask Mary

to come into the priest's parlour, and plead for her own marriage; and so a long time was wasted in endeavouring to arrange matters, and silence the objections of the good father. This would never do: Dwyer came out to Mary, and told her the state of affairs, and the dear girl blushed ruddy-red at the very idea of having done anything which might be construed into evil. Dwyer took her hand, and they entered the house together; and she told her story so simply, so modestly, and so earnestly to the obdurate minister, that, without any further reluctance, and in truth because the night was beginning to fall, he consented to marry the happy pair. And Michael Dwyer and Mary Doyle were then and there united for ever.

We will now let the poet furnish his version of the romantic event, and thus feebly, indeed, but as well as in us lies, fulfil our promise to commemorate the outlaw's bridal in prose and verse:—

THE OUTLAW'S BRIDAL.

I.

As the torrent bounds down from the mountain
Of cloud-helmed stormy Kaigeen,
And tosses, all tawny and foaming,
Through the still glen of lone Carrageen;
So dashed a bold rider of Wicklow,
With forty stout men in his train,
From the heart of the hills, where the spirit
Of Freedom has dared to remain!

II.

Of gray frieze their caps and their surcoats:
Their carbines were close to their knee,
And their belts were well furnished with pistols,
Like men who knew how to be free!

III.

Oh! grass-green the sash on their shoulders,
Their caps crested green with cockades;
And their leader he wore a long dagger—
The brightest and keenest of blades.

IV.

To the right ran Imale's lovely valley,
And before them was meadow and mound,
And the gallop of freemen was music
The echoes sprang out to resound!

V.

Thou leader of horsemen! why hasten
So fleetly to Brusselstown hill?
What foemen, what yeomen await thee,
To question, in Wicklow, thy will?

VI.

No foemen or yoemen they're seeking,
Though furiously onward they ride;
But their leader, he loves a young maiden,
And he's speeding to make her his bride!

VII.

"Halt!" Bridles were drawn, and they halted:
There's a farmstead looming ahead,
And the door of the dwelling is open;
Now the leader rode forward and said;

VIII.

"There's somebody seeking thee, Mary;
A boy who came down from Kaigeen,
With forty brave bridesmen from Laragh,
With cockades and crosses of green!"

IX.

Oh! Mary came out in her beauty,
The loveliest maid of Imale;
The loveliest flower that blossomed
In all the wild-haunts of the vale.

X.

Arrayed in an emerald habit,
And the green and the white in her hair,
The Leader, he sprang from his courser,
As light as a hawk from the air—
He pressed her fair hand to his bosom;
She felt the big throb of his heart—
"My Mary! I'll love thee for ever,
Till God on this earth will us part!"

XI.

They led out a horse on the heather;
She patted his neck with her hand,
Then sprang on his back like a feather,
And stood in the midst of the band!

XII.

The leader was soon in his saddle;
"Castle Ruddery's ruins!" he cried;
"The priest's house is near to Green's river,
And here is the ring for my bride."

XIII.

Away dashed the cavalcade fleetly,
By beauty and chivalry led,
With their carbines aflash in the sunlight,
And the saucy cockades on their head!

XIV.

The priest he demurred and he pleaded—
The maiden she blushed and she frowned,
And the Leader of Forty felt nervous,
And tapped with his gun on the ground.
And thus went the parley, till even
Began to fall down on the glen,
And the priest thought a matron were better
To be 'mid such wild bearded men.

XV.

They were wedded:—"To horse!" cried the Leader,
And the bridal pair led the hot flight;
And away rode DWYER, the Outlaw,
To his mountain-cave, back in the night!!!

CHAPTER IV.

BACK TO THE HILLS.

SEEING there was no security at home, under any circumstances whatsoever, Dwyer took his wife and children with him and made once more for the mountains. A dreary future, one would say, for his pretty bride and tender younglings. But Dwyer's Mary had too much love for her gallant partner in her fearless heart to cast one thought upon coming events, or to doubt for a moment that the strong arm that struck so effectively for freedom against a host of foes could not, either on hill or vale, beneath God's watching sky, or under the shadow of the secret fastness, defend his own from secret or open violence.

Such was Mary Dwyer; nor was she an exception to the women of the land. She was but one of a class—a large, loving class—to be found amongst the peasantry of all grades; for with them always live the brightest purity of Christian faith, the clearest fountain of undying nationality. The government of the day recognized and acknowledged the

Wicklow leader's prowess and intrepidity by at once offering £1,000 for his apprehension and £250 for that of each of his men, the most remarkably prominent of whom were Hugh Byrne, Martin Bourke, and the hero, M'Allister. It was also declared a capital crime to harbour any of them, or hold any communication with them directly or indirectly. But neither money nor menaces had the slightest effect upon the faithful hearts of the bold mountaineers of Wicklow. On the contrary, the insurgents were not only liberally and constantly supplied with every kind of necessary provisions, but also with what was equally indispensable, trusty weapons and an unstinted supply of bags of effective gunpowder and thousands of balls. We have the story from a Wicklow man now living, that he himself, when a mere boy, carried sixteen pounds weight of powder on his back to the summit of one of the highest and loneliest mountains for the use of the guerilla captain.

Dwyer's first care was always to lodge his wife and children with some of the far-inland farmers—there to remain in concealment and disguise whilst he was abroad himself, and actively engaged with his men, either in reconnoitring the enemy, or contending with them in open warfare. Many and many a time, Mary might be seen at the mountain chapel, in the midst of the women, kneeling on the earthen floor, imploring the Lord for the safety of her husband. Many and many a time, too, Dwyer himself ventured down to join her in her quiet devotion—armed to the teeth, to be sure, but muffled up from observation or recognition, in one of those huge frieze riding-coats, which envelop the whole person. And a stirring time it was, on those occasions, with everybody in the secret, when the captain's wife occupied the centre of a group of mountain maids and matrons. Some kept watch and ward, on the wall of the old churchyard. Some swept the mountain passes, some, perched upon the pinnacle of a dizzy hill, looked down with eagle-eyes upon the spreading lowlands; one and all, seemed conscious of the implicit trust reposed in them, and only panted to catch a glimpse of any enemy of their chief, upon whom to wreak vengeance. That Dwyer could, and often did generously forgive an enemy, and forego opportunities of most tempting revenge, could be easily proved, notwithstanding the malignant attempts of his aspersers to represent him as utterly devoid all high qualities.

We will, at present, satisfy an unprejudiced reader, by the recital of an event which took place early in the brave insurgent's career, and then we shall give an incident of much later date, by way of contrast, in order to illustrate our assertions. A certain Mr Fenton, a gentleman well known in Wicklow, and clearly remembered even to the present day, once took it into his head to endeavour to capture Dwyer. Mr. Fenton was a Lieutenant of Yeomanry, and at the time we allude to, had some two dozen of those worthies under his command. He had, besides, received reliable information that the arch-rebel was concealed not very far away—in a farm-house, backed by a bare mountain, and with flat open fields on either side—where there was no place of refuge, not even a brier, to shield a fugitive from the eye or weapon of any deadly pursuer. So far, the intended victim seemed to be an easy prey enough, and Fenton, accordingly, proceeded with his men, to immortalize his name for ever, by capturing this formidable outlaw. The party stole almost within a hundred yards of the house, before a woman detected their advance, and gave the alarm. It was broad daylight, and in the Glen of Imale—the glen where Lord Grey, in the times of old, left the flower of his English soldiery a sacrifice to Irish valour. The insurgent Captain was dining at the moment the unwelcome tidings sounded in his ear; his pistols lay on the table before him, and his hat was on the floor. He was always ready for the field—nor did he now lose an instant, in preparing to meet the great and imminent danger; indeed, as the woman rushed into the room with a cry of terror, Dwyer left it at a single bound, carrying his arms with him, but in his hot haste leaving his hat behind him. In burst the yeomen, and instantly recognized the certain mark that Dwyer had been there. There was the hat! Fenton and his men searched that house, as house was never searched before, roof and rafters, shelf and dresser, box and drawer, chest and chimney, every place—any place, even where a cat could have scarcely forced her way, but all in vain, all in vain; and what was still more strange, a dozen of yeomen had closely surrounded the whole house, so that a mouse could no more have got out than the cat could have concealed herself within, and yet, after all, where had the man, six feet high, vanished. There was no sign of him, unless the earth had swallowed him. The woman perforce was obliged to

admit that a strange man had been there, that he asked for refreshment, and she gave him some, that she innocently remarked to him as he sat, that the soldiers were coming, for she saw them, she said, as she stood at the window, and added, that the moment she said so, the man sprang from his chair, and was gone like an arrow. The yeomen, of course, were quite eager to burn the house, the poor widow's house! What did they care for widows or orphans either? Not a jot; they were Irish loyalists. In the present instance, however, Lieutenant Fenton peremptorily forbade the destruction of the farm-house. He was satisfied that Dwyer had left, and that he must be either in the circumscribed farm-yard abroad, or else have flown up into the sky and across the overhanging mountain. Well, the farm-yard was searched, researched, trampled upon, bayonetted, blasphemed upon, ransacked and rooted, to the upsetting of cars and barrows, the charging of ricks and hay stacks—in fine, to the utter disorganization of things in general, and of suspicious-looking things in particular—but alas! and alas! for the poor yeomen. Dwyer was not forthcoming! Still they persisted to search and search on, until the evening fell, and there was no use in continuing any longer. Again the yeomen wished to burn the widow's homestead—*if it was only for example sake!* But their captain demurred. "No, no!" he exclaimed; "the woman has attempted to conceal nothing. She at once admitted the presence of the man—a stranger to her; and his flight upon our approach being mentioned, leaving his hat behind him, proves the hurry he was in to get away, further proving the accuracy of her statement. If she were an accomplice in the matter, she would have admitted nothing, and left us to think for ourselves, without giving any satisfaction one way or the other. So she is evidently innocent of all participation, and you must not injure either herself or her property. Fall in! right about face. March!"—and off they marched accordingly.

The woman stepped out into the haggard, and hiding herself behind the boughs of some elder trees, watching their departing footsteps, watched them until they crossed the valley—watched them whilst the setting sun glinted flashingly from their naked bayonets—watched them until the deepening shadows closed over them with heavy wings—watched them until the glittering steel was no longer

discernible. They were gone! She turned back into the farm-yard, and looking up and down, and around about, at last exclaimed in a loud, shrill voice,—"Wherever in the wide world you hide yourself, for one wonderful man, and always was, come out, *alanna!* The thieving villains are clean gone, and it was only the mercy of the Lord that stopped them from burning the roof over my head. Come out, *agragh!* come out, *alanna!* they're gone! I saw the last of them off, with my own two looking eyes!" The invocation had just proceeded so far, when Dwyer suddenly made his appearance—creeping out, on all fours, from the pig-stye, with a cocked pistol in one hand, and the long dagger, noted before, in the other. A huge fat pig accompanied him forth, to which stupid brute, in all human probability, he was indebted for his escape.

Several times that day the yeomen had visited the stye, but, seeing the big unwieldy occupant in possession, they never dreamt of pushing their scrutiny any further. But Lieutenant Fenton was not so remiss; for before he ordered his men away, he paid the spot a special visit. Dwyer heard his approach—saw him stand before the open doorway—marked the daylight as the yeomen bent down to look into the interior. It was a fearful moment; but Dwyer was just the man for the emergency. He stabbed the pig with his dagger, which made her instantly rear up her head, and stand up on her two fore-feet. The man outside prevented the animal from bolting forward, whilst the erect figure effectually concealed the fugitive. Had Fenton seen him, however, Dwyer would have instantly shot him, and then ran for his life. Still the odds would have been against him, with the bare hill in the background, and the flat open fields and valley stretching on either side. As matters stood, Dwyer had very little reason to have any good feeling towards the yeoman lieutenant, and yet, notwithstanding, he never bore any malice towards him, as the following event will prove, which occurred nearly twelve months subsequently:—

Dwyer, Antrim Jack, and a few more of his men, were one day resting themselves on the hill-side, under Bernamuck, when who should ride by but young Fenton, son to the lieutenant. The men instantly started to their feet, and prepared to surround the doomed horseman, but their captain as speedily interposed.

"What! not shoot Fenton!" exclaimed they angrily; "not shoot the fellow whose father hunted you almost to death!"

"Never mind that," remonstrated Dwyer; "remember, he prevented the yeo's from burning the widow's house, and that he was always a good landlord, and never oppressed a poor tenant. Come, come, boys, let us give them a lesson in generosity, and not begin the day by shedding innocent blood.

"Move on, Fenton!" cried Antrim Jack; "and tell your father when you go home that Captain Dwyer and himself are now quits, and that he had better leave off man-hunting in Wicklow for the rest of his days!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF KAIGEEN.

When Dwyer quitted his home for the second time, as related in the previous chapter, he joined General Holt and his men on the mountains. The young insurgent and his chivalrous band were of course very welcome indeed to Holt, and the more particularly as large troops of yeomanry, with horse and foot, were on the trail of the insurgent leader for several weeks.

After marching and counter-marching through the hills for some time, there appeared no sign of any active service, for the general was cautious, and never fought at a disadvantage if he could avoid it, and always sedulously studied to protect and spare the lives of his own men.

Dwyer was much less particular in those respects, yet, nevertheless, was much more successful. Indeed, he never refused battle to the enemy, no matter what the odds were; and such was the fertility of his resources, the daring of his adherents, and the favouring assistance of the surrounding peasantry, that if he did not come out of the several skirmishes a triumphant victor, he at least was sure to make good his retreat with almost total impunity. On the present occasion, tired of Holt's inaction, and anxious to be moving, our hero took it into his head to pay a visit to his young

bride who was then secreted in one of the lonely fastnesses of the Glen of Imale, with his infant children. For this purpose he took with him eight of his staunchest men, and pursuing the least frequented passes, set off early in the day on his perilous expedition. The little party soon reached the residence of Mr. William Steele, which lay in their route. Here they halted, and dismounting, were very kindly received by Mr. Steele, who not only treated them with great hospitality, but upon Dwyer's representing that his horse was foundered, and was not well fitted for his intended journey, told him to go to his stable and select the best animal there for his use. Dwyer led out a splendid gray hunter, it was the second gray horse in their band, as we will have occasion to notice by-and-by. The party had scarcely gained their saddles, when, to their surprise and amazement, they saw at a short distance the whole *posse comitatus* of yeomanry, horse and foot, in fast pursuit of them. Some young men had assembled about Mr. Steele's house, to greet Dwyer, and were now bidding him and his men farewell. The approach of the yeomanry hastened their adieus, but not until a young fellow named Michael O'Brien had concerted a plan with his companions to interrupt the speed of the pursuing foe. Arming themselves with staves and pitchforks they all proceeded to the brow of Kilranelagh hill, and in full view of the yeomen brandished their steel in the sun, and sent down such yells of defiance at the enemy, that there appeared little doubt to the intrepid Sagum Deargs, but that a most formidable army of the insurgents lay before their onward path. In the meantime, Dwyer and his men gallopped furiously through a lane behind Mr. Steele's house, and got to the top of the hill before they were perceived by the yeomen. They next got down to the road between the hills of Kilranelagh and Kaigeen. But here they were overtaken by the enemy, who now surrounded them on all sides. The horsemen held the highway, the infantry flanking the hill on either side of the intrepid little band of insurgents. There stood the Humewood horse and foot, consisting of one hundred men, commanded by young Captain Hume. There also bristled the Antrim Militia, two hundred strong, and also the Hacketstown yeomen, numbering one hundred heroes, and led on by Lieutenant Barker—four hundred in all! and arrayed against them but nine resolute rebels!—Dwyer and eight of his best

and boldest companions. The yeomen were in great blood, and only required to be led to the attack, to perform prodigies of valour. But the battle was not yet won—no, not even begun.

Now, in order to carry things with a high hand, and to put an end to any strife or contention, Captain Hume rode forward to where Dwyer and his men were intrenched behind a boundary ditch, and cried out in an authoritative tone, "Is Dwyer there?"

"Yes, I am," replied that very matter-of-fact individual.

"Well, deliver yourself up to me at once; you cannot escape, surrounded on every side; your very first movement decides your fate. However, surrender immediately, and trust me: I will do everything in my power to save your life."

"I would answer you with a bullet," returned Dwyer, "but for the regard I have for your father, who is a good landlord and a charitable man; but as to you, Mr. Hume, I strongly advise you to return to your corps with all speed, or I will not be any longer answerable for the consequences."

Hume took the hint, and forthwith turned his horse's head. The boldness of the insurgent chief utterly disconcerted his enemies, who naturally concluded that he must have some strong force in reserve, or he would not thus dare to beard their captain.

Dwyer took advantage of their indecision to dismount his men, and make a rapid retreat towards the rath of Kresula, opening fire on the yeomen as he retired. In amongst the bushwood and high brambles darted the heroic band, amid volley after volley from the pursuing yeomanry. Here, too, they held their ground for a considerable time, keeping up an incessant fire from their very limited weapons of war. Dwyer now made another masterly retreat, and succeeded in gaining the bog at the foot of the Kaigeen, with only the loss of a single man, Adam Magee, who had drank to excess at Mr. Steele's house, and was taken by the pursuers. The wretched Magee stumbled and fell as the cavalry came up, and the whole troop charged him abreast. To say that they instantly put him to death would be giving but a faint idea indeed of this brilliant attack upon a single drunken insurgent. Every yeoman emptied his pistol into the prostrate body of the helpless wretch, every sword hacked his quivering carcase, every horse trampled his bones to powder; and when the infantry arrived at the place of action there was

a repetition of the same valorous conduct. Adam Magee was killed—*killed with a vengeance.* In the meantime Maguire and his men set their horses free, urging them back up the mountain, whilst they themselves took refuge in the bog, taking their several stations behind the turf clamps, whither the red heroes of the day did not think it prudent to follow them. The 400 men called a halt at the bog's rushy boundary, and held a council of war, which decided, *nemine contradicente*, that the rebels must be in force within the marshes, or they never would thus dare to set his majesty's horse and foot at defiance. Here Dwyer, who had just got free of a pair of tight old boots, which had very much incommoded him, shot down one of the loyalist's horses, and Andrew Thomas levelled an infa try man. Hastening out of range, another disaster befell the 399 sagums. The same Andrew Thomas picked down an Antrim militiaman.

Now this Andrew Thomas had been a gamekeeper in his day, and was so well known, both as the boldest of the Wicklow leader's men, as well as an unerring and deadly shot, that the yeomen, in time of action, became at once aware of his presence by the first ball, that gave a certain and sure quietus to some one of their corps; and so, when the Antrim man fell, the name of the noted gamekeeper resounded through the ranks. The next moment another horse bit the rushes; and Sergeant Agar, who was bringing up the rear, had his arm shot off. This was brave revenge for the life of poor Magee, who was a great loss to Dwyer, as well as a great favourite with his men. Indeed, he was a right merry companion, and one who helped to while away many a heavy and tedious hour in the wilderness and fastness, and amongst the mountain passes. Early on the day of his death he had led the van of his companions, his feet dangling from his stirrups, and several small tin vessels slung about his neck, whilst he kept a sharp look-out for one of those beautiful crystal wells for which the locality is still so famous. With what a joyous air was he wont to administer to the refreshment of his thirsting comrades; and how many a keen joke and laugh did they indulge in! On the very spot where he fell, how often did he listen to elfin stories of the famous rath of Krishuna, and how a black cock was always kept by the peasantry to defeat their machinations; how the whirlwind came roaring from the

hills, and the cock crew, and the fairies rode upon the blast, directing their furious course to the rath of Mullaghmast, in Kildare, where, no doubt, a host of kindred spirits anxiously awaited their coming! Well, well, poor brave Magee! your manes were thoroughly appeased by the immolation of both men and beasts. The battle now had lasted three hours: and a September fog began to mount up from the marshy ground after the heat of the day. Dwyer's ammunition was nearly exhausted; and as his fire slackened, the cautious enemy were commencing an entrance upon the bog at different points at once. This, the wary chieftain clearly saw, would tend to his utter destruction, and so accordingly he took prompt means to interrupt the manœuvre. The wind blew towards the enemy, and the fog veered in the same direction; but it was not sufficient to envelop the whole length of their lines. To remedy this, Dwyer, armed with a blazing torch of logwood, flew towards a farm-house on the declivity of Kaigeen hill, and soon set thatch and barn, hay and straw, and haggard in a blaze, from the centre of which arose a world of the densest smoke, that smothered up all the landscape for nearly a mile around. It was as if a dark midnight fell upon the whole scene.

A shrill, short whistle now was heard amid fog and smoke. It was Dwyer's sea-whistle, which he always carried with him to call his men together; and now they instantly answered the well-known summons, creeping from behind turf-clumps, and flaggers, and patches of stunted brushwood, from whence they did execution upon the enemy. Enveloped in the friendly haze, and in one compact body, headed by their skilful leader, they bade the yeomanry good-by, and vanished behind the base of Kaigeen Hill.

The reader must remember that we left a number of young men on Kilranelagh Hill, at Mr. Steele's house, to make a diversion in Dwyer's favour, whilst he made his way down to the main road between that hill and Kaigeen. Whilst the skirmishing went on along the declivity, these men, joined by others, and a number of women into the bargain, witnessed the unequal combat between their favourite hillsmen and the gallant 400; but when the battle waged on the highway, and afterwards on the confines and within the precincts of the wide bog, they only knew the fight went on by the shouts of the belligerents and the uninterrupted discharges of musketry. Judge, then, of their horror when

there appeared on the hill-side, scared by the terrible uproar, and galloping upward in wild speed, riderless and free, and covered over with sweat and foam, the two gray horses which we already noticed, and one of which was the hunter lent to Dwyer some three hours past from Mr. Steele's stables A yell of horror and grief greeted their appearance, and the young men were about to rush down to the scene of action, desperate, though unarmed, to see could their weak aid be of any use for the relief of their darling hero—when, to their great delight, and from their high position, they spied Dwyer hastening along the base of Kaigeen, and the discomfited yeomanry just emerging from the smoke and the fog in the far distance, and looking in every direction for the rich prize which they had hoped to capture. Dwyer and his seven men had escaped, and the heroic four hundred had to retrace their steps to the place from whence they strayed in the darkness, to find out the bodies of their dead and wounded.

Such was the skirmish which the peasantry to this day call "the battle of Kaigeen," and the results of which were, that Dwyer visited his wife and little ones the same night, and that the valorous yeomanry paid a domiciliary visit to Dwyer's father and family the next morning. This was retributive justice, and here they were the victors. Father, mother, sons, and daughters, were seized by the intrepid soldiery—some of those terrible four hundred who bordered the bog on the yester eve, and whose most remarkable strategy consisted in keeping perpetually out of range of the insurgents' fire-arms. Father, mother, sons, and daughters were taken prisoners—jailed, tried, found guilty of being Dwyer's relatives, and upon the strength of that capital offence—*transported.*

CHAPTER VI.

AN AFFRAY WITH THE HUMEWOOD HORSE.

Reprisals seemed to be the favourite method of dealing with the insurgents. It is, indeed, a sad thing to contemplate that those enemies of Ireland were almost all Irish themselves—men of hearts so thoroughly poisoned with

sectarian rancour and intolerance that without the shortest pause they not only volunteered to take up arms against their own native country, but actually went far and away beyond the lessons of their adopted masters, in oppression, massacre, midnight incendiarism, and rendered it not only uninhabitable by its own people, but almost utterly unmanageable to its unprincipled rulers. The yoeman was then what the orangeman is now.

But to return: Reprisals, we said, were the invariable resource of the yeomanry after defeat and disaster—safe and cautious reprisals, but not the less bloody, because of the coolness and caution; no, no—the very reverse, if possible. Sometimes, to be sure, their measures were ill-concerted, and, therefore, not always successful. Be those things as they may, the Humewood Cavalry, after the skirmish at the bog, decided upon reprisals, and of such a nature, too, that seemed not only very safe but very practicable. Such a projected expedition could not long be in want of a leader, and a very suitable one soon presented himself, in the person of Lieutenant Pender. Sixteen picked and stalwart horsemen did this gallant soldier select to accompany him in his daring foray, and the object of the expedition was to pay a domiciliary visit to a farmer residing on the eastern aspect of Kilranelagh hill. Among the yeomanry was the notorious Rowley Valentine.

The king's forces were leisurely ascending to their prey; indeed, already in their mind's eye the poor man's tenement was in a blaze, and himself comfortably swinging on an extemporized gibbet before his own door, which was the fate charitably intended for all those contumacious persons, in the days of which we write, who, firstly, were guilty of being Papists—secondly, of remonstrating against injustice —and thirdly, of loving their native country—indeed, the last crime was death to all criminals of all creeds or of none —an unforgiven sin for which there was no mercy.

With such feelings towards his fellow-countrymen, the lieutenant and his men rode up along the side of Kilranelagh. The sun flashed on the blades of the drawn sabres. Dwyer was looking down upon their movements from the side of the mountain. He had twenty men by his side, and Valentine and he were sworn foes. The insurgent leader had heard many a bloody story of Rowley; and the sight of him now recalled them all back to his mind, and determined

him to inflict condign punishment on the offender if he possibly could. So, ordering his men to strip to their shirts, for their greater speed in pursuit (he well knew the yeos would run), and to seize their loaded arms, down they rushed at one fell swoop upon the astonished enemy. Dwyer's party fired—so did Lieutenant Pender's, but then immediately turned and fled—fled as fast as horse and spur could aid men's speed—fled, firing an odd shot now and then, through sheer shame—fled, helter-skelter, pursued by the white-shirted insurgents who blazed away after their retreating heels with right good-will. The lieutenant's horse was shot down, and his master was fain to mount behind one of his own men—the delay brought him within range, and one of the insurgents shot the tip off his ear. Thus, indeed, there was spurring for life and death. Dwyer's whistle ran through the valley, and his men yelled in the track of the retreating cowards, who, flinging away their arms, and all other incumbrances, rode a very steeple-chase over every impediment, until they arrived at the confines of Humewood. Here Dwyer and his men bade them good-day, and left them to recover from their fatigue and consternation. Some of them never recovered. The gallant lieutenant, in particular, had received so great a shock in his nervous system, that he took to his bed and died in a few months afterwards. Dwyer returned to the mountains, grumbling because he had been thwarted in his intended punishment of Rowley Valentine.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MURDER OF MR. HUME OF HUMEWOOD.

To this day, in Wicklow, the murder of Mr. Hume, is remembered with sorrow, and spoken of with regret—that it was perpetrated by one of Dwyer's followers is known and admitted—but it is not equally well known that the insurgent Chief was totally free from the slightest imputation or complicity in it. On the contrary, Dwyer was always a great favourite with the Hume family, even from his childhood, and it was to one of the same kin that he at last surrendered at discretion. But to return to our memoir—

and we will now proceed to relate events directly from the oral testimony, not only of a living witness, (a gentleman born and bred on the spot), but from the confession of the man who had been the leading spirit of the calamity.

It appears that, some weeks after the reprisal affair, Dwyer and a party of his men joined John Moore and his followers—Farrell Reilly, Andrew Byrne, John Deal, and Peter Kavanagh. All were bound for Tarbertstown, where friends of both parties resided. An incident occurred here worth noticing, as it will give some idea of the sort of desperate men our hero was occasionally obliged to consort with, and make use of.

In the house where Moore and his men took up their quarters, and on the second night of the sojourn, the family and some of the party were assembled in a small sitting-room on the ground-floor. It was near midnight, and all was as silent and as still as death, when suddenly, from an adjoining bed-chamber, arose the furious yell of a man's voice blaspheming in the most horrible manner, and crying aloud:—

"I will not let him go! I will shoot him like a dog! I will—I will"——

Moore quieted the alarm of the womankind, who were endeavouring to rush out of the house, frantic with terror and alarm. "It is only Farrell O'Reilly," he exclaimed. "He always raves that way in his sleep the day before he shoots anybody. He is now, you may be sure, sitting up in the bed, mouthing like a lunatic."

They all now listened attentively, whilst again and again the miserable wretch enacted in a vision the bloody drama of the morrow.

The bloodthirstiness and desperation of many of these arose from the fact of their having been deserters from different regiments of the line. For them there was no pardon—no hope. No matter how the insurgents fared, there were no terms for them; and Dwyer was made painfully conscious of this fact at the close of his career, by being offered a free pardon, without any other conditions than giving these men up to justice. This proposition, however, his spirit of honour and chivalry prevented him from entertaining, even for a single instant. He never could be, and never was, an informer or betrayer of even the most criminal and abandoned of his associates, although he was

often bought and sold by casual confederates—his own body-men and glensmen rarely or never being false to him.

Moore's hostess now asked him was the report true that attributed to him (Moore) the death of Mr. Hume. He very coolly replied that it was, and that he knew he would suffer for it. He also admitted that he had shot eight other Orangemen—but that Mr. Hume's murder was the only one that troubled him.

It is necessary to mention here that this murder was not committed through any sectarian or political motives. It was a murder of revenge. Moore's father had opened a public-house at a place called Killalesh, between Baltinglass and Humewood, in the early part of the year '98, and had got a sign-board suspended over his door, in the face of the fact of his having no license. This house was represented to Mr. Hume as a rendezvous for many of the insurgents, and amongst the rest, for his son John. Accordingly, upon passing by the door one day, he called out old Moore and ordered him to take down the sign. Moore peremptorily refused to do so; whereupon Mr. Hume directed his own servant to remove it, which was not only done, but Moore himself was arrested in a day or two afterwards, and lodged in Baltinglass jail. He was next brought to trial, and fined ten pounds. This sum Moore was unable to pay, as his former holding by the sea-side in the county Wicklow, and some small property, had been wrecked by the Yeomanry some months before, on the plea of his being a rebel, which event had obliged him to come to Killalesh, and in a state akin to beggary. The ten pounds, however, were eventually paid by a friend, and the prisoner set at liberty. Here now was the original *casus belli*, and on account of which John Moore vowed a signal vengeance against Mr. Hume of Humewood, and never desisted until he fully and entirely accomplished it. Here is the exact account, and nearly in Moore's own words, of the manner in which he committed the crime. "I had been in ambush," said he, "for many weeks in the plantations of Humewood, waiting for my man, but never got a glimpse of him until the very day of his death. On that day, I and six of my followers were in the house of a tenant of Mr. Hume's, when it was suddenly announced to us that a strong body of the military was advancing in our direction, and was not far distant. Upon the word we all rushed out, intending to seek, at once, a

place of greater security, but had not gone far when we saw a gentleman in coloured clothes riding on the side of the hill. 'Hullo!' he cried, as he observed us (some of us, too, being in uniform). 'To what regiment do you belong?' Neill (who afterwards turned informer) gruffly replied—'We don't belong to you—whoever you are!' 'I am Mr. Hume of Humewood.' 'The devil, you are!' said I; 'then you are the very man I have been long waiting for.' So saying, I rushed on him and dragged him from his horse, before he could free his pistol from the holsters. He caught my musket, but I called on Neill to shoot him. Neill snapped his gun, but it missed fire, and he ran away. The struggle was now between Mr. Hume and myself; I tripped him up quickly, however, and whilst falling disengaged my musket from his grasp, then falling back a few paces I cried out—'By G—, I'll shoot you,' upon which I fired, and the contents lodged in his stomach. Falling on his back, he exclaimed, 'Ah, spare my life, and I will obtain your pardon, and a commission for you in the army.' 'You can do nothing for me,' I answered; 'I am a deserter, and can expect neither reward nor mercy.' I then mounted his horse, but seeing the wounded man rising on his knees, I drew a pistol from his holster, and, stooping down over him, fired and blew off his skull. The soldiers were now quite close to me; but I set spurs to my horse, and soon left them far behind. After a ride of about two miles, the footing became boggy and bad, and I was forced to dismount. As I did so, I just came upon a soldier who was also just after abandoning his horse. 'Stop, rebel!' said he, 'or I'll shoot you.' I said nothing, but levelled my musket; he did the same; both fired, and both missed their marks. Flinging away my weapon, I then fled, as I saw others coming, and soon left all pursuers behind."

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF A YEOMAN AIDE-DE-CAMP, AND THE EXECUTION OF AN INSURGENT—MOORE AND HIS DESERTERS MUST STILL OCCUPY THE SCENE.

On the day after Reilly's raving fit, Moore and his party adjourned to a public-house, where they continued revelling

without limit from the early morning. In the midst of their orgies there rode by the windows a yeoman named Jacob Jackson. He was in plain clothes; but one of the men recognized him instantly, and swore he was on an evil errand. The whole party rushed out and stopped him, demanding whither he was bound, and if he had any despatches. Jackson denied that he had any; but upon being searched, an express was found in his breast-pocket, by which it appeared that he came directly from Humewood, and was bound for Saunders's Grove; and further, that from the latter place information was to be sent to head-quarters at Baltinglass, that parties of rebels were in Tarbertstown for the last two days, and that a strong force was immediately to be sent out to kill or capture them. Moore and Reilly blazed up upon reading this hapless epistle, and Jackson saw but too plainly that his life was in imminent danger. A crowd of persons had now assembled about the party, to whom he at once appealed to call out Captain Dwyer, who would bear testimony to his good character. Dwyer, his wife, and some of his men, were breakfasting at the widow Doyle's house, but upon hearing of the occurence just related, he rushed to the scene of action, followed by Walter M'Donnell.

"Moore," he exclaimed, "lay no violent hands on that young man; neither he nor any of his family ever injured any body."

"Ay," retorted Reilly, gruffly, "you're too ready to spare the orange yeomen in strange places, but you act differently enough in your own neighbourhood. But, by G—, die he will, and that instantly, if you were twice as great a man."

"That he will," assented Moore; "his despatches intended the same fate for us all."

Dwyer seeing he had resolute and dogged spirits to deal with, and deeming it impossible to divert them from their purpose by sheer force, determined upon another mode of action.

"Bring him into the house, then," said he, "and try him for his life; and if he be convicted of one bad action, deal with him as you please."

This proposition was agreed to, and several persons were cited to give evidence concerning the prisoner, but all and every one spoke only in his favour, deposing readily to the

uniform kindness of the young man, and the blamelessness of his family. Upon this evidence he was acquitted, and was advised (in a whisper) instantly to mount his horse and ride back to his home without delay. But here the voice of the woman of the public-house interposed, exclaiming, "Boys, if you let him free, he will inform on us, and the house will be burned, and all my family transported!"

Upon this a rush was made upon Jackson, but Dwyer interposed, and a hot altercation ensued, during which he and M'Donnell were severely handled.

Jackson still continued to call upon Dwyer, whilst, with Moore's permission, he sought shelter in an adjoining pound. Here he remained for a short time until he was perceived by Reilly in the act of scaling the wall to escape. This wretch immediately seized the unfortunate young man, and dragged him outside the pound gate, where, levelling his gun, he shot him through the abdomen. Jackson fell, crying in tones of pain and agony, "Mother! mother! you have now neither husband nor son!" his father having been killed at the battle of Hacketstown a few months before.

Reilly handed the discharged gun to Moore, requiring him to reload it; but Moore gave him a fresh one, which he fired into his victim's head. Moore handed him a third gun, which was as promptly discharged into his breast, upon which the dead man's clothes took fire, and were quenched by an eye-witness (still living), who was constrained to look on in silence and horror. Thus perished the hapless yeoman aide-de-camp, and thus Ruffian Reilly's dream was out.

The body of Jackson lay in the pound until five o'clock that evening, its only attendant being his own greyhound —which had accompanied him from his home that morning —sitting at his master's head the whole day; he never once stirred, nor could be induced to leave his melancholy position for a single instant.

Shortly after these events, Moore repaired to Dublin in disguise, and got employment in a carpenter's shop, under an assumed name. There was, however, a large reward offered for his apprehension—£500 by the Hume family and an equal sum by the government. This bribe served to hasten the retribution which generally follows the commission of such crimes as his. One of his men (Neill) turned informer, giving to his pursuers so accurate a description of his accomplice, that he was readily dogged to his carpentry-

shed, and the whole house being carefully surrounded by the military, was seized in the very act of making his escape over a high wall which surrounded the yard where he was working.

He was now tried by court-martial as a deserter; but, at the instance of the government, was handed over to the civil law, to be arraigned for murder. Being found guilty, he was condemned to be hanged on the spot where the crime was committed. For this purpose he was conveyed from Dublin to Baltinglass the day before his execution, and lodged in the guard-house for the night. Moore was not so utterly hardened but that now he began to make some preparation for eternity. He asked for a prayer-book, and was supplied with one by a soldier, who heard his request He spent the short time left to him in meditation and prayer, and the next morning, still holding his book in his hand, and with a calm air, he stepped down the stair-ladder which led from his prison into the street, and was immediately hurried away to the place of execution. This was at Rathdangan, at the foot of Carrig mountain, and the gibbet was a large tree which overhung the blessed well of Tubberoan—for it was at this place that Mr. Hume met his fate. Here the parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Blanchfield, waited for the convict, and at once afforded the consolations of religion, of which the penitent man availed himself fully. But the Orange ruffians, in attendance, could not permit the solemn ceremonies of preparation for death to proceed without offering insult. Not satisfied by having the holy well desecrated by making the tree overhanging it a common gibbet, they now insisted upon hearing from the priest the confession of the poor wretch he had just prepared for eternity. With oaths and clamour they surrounded the clergyman, peremptorily demanding that their request should be complied with, and threatening summary vengeance in case of his refusal. Mr. William Hore Hume, son of the late Mr. Hume, who was sitting on horseback, with other gentlemen who came to witness the execution, perceiving the tumult and confusion, rode up, and inquired the cause, which, when he learned, he reprimanded the yeomen severely, commanding them instantly to withdraw, and desist from demanding from the clergyman that which he had not the permission of his church to divulge. Nobody but the soldiery and gentry was permitted to approach the place of

death—and indeed very few were inclined to come at all within ken of the unprincipled yeomen. The rope was now put around Moore's neck, and the car drawn up to the foot of the tree, when Mr. Hume suddenly alit from his horse, and walked up to the gallows. "Moore! you are going to die," said he in a very gentle tone, "but before you leave this world, tell me truly, are you the man who murdered my father?"

Moore looked down quietly, and distinctly replied—"All I will say is, never put any *other* man to death for him."

At a little distance from this scene, and on a gentle eminence which looked down on all, a single figure appeared, kneeling—a woman—the condemned man's young wife. She had watched him through all the incidents already described, but never ceased kneeling and praying. She saw the rope adjusted, and the fatal car drawn up, and still she prayed—she marked the manly form totter, struggle and swing unsupported in the wind—she prayed, she shuddered, but still she prayed, and with her two arms stretched up painfully tense to the skies, whilst the tears streamed down her white cheeks, and her mouth partly gaped open, in the intensity of her hard-borne agony—she knelt, and prayed, and gazed as if with a horrid fascination. The gentry now rode away—the law was avenged, and man was satisfied—was he?—yes—but the Orange yeomanry was not human; balked of their vengeance on the priest, and up to this time being constrained to behave with common decency before their leaders, now that these were gone, they let loose to all the inherent savageness of their nature. They tore the dead body from the tree—tore off the clothes—maimed it barbarously, and then dragged it to the top of the hill, where they erected another gibbet, and hung it up there to remain permanently. As they strode up the hill-side for this purpose, the living form of a female rolled down at their feet; it was Moore's wife—who tumbled headlong down the mountain, when she saw the horrid barbarities inflicted upon the mortal remains of her beloved husband.

The yeomen merely kicked her helpless body out of their paths, and proceeded with their unholy task.

The gibbet and its burden stood on the mountain's brow for a full fortnight—visited day and night by the poor heart-stricken wife, who spent whole hours together lamenting and praying, with the dark and gloomy moor spreading

sadly before her, and the Douglas rivulet sorrowing at her feet. When each day closed, some sympathizing neighbour brought her away, and forced refreshment and rest upon her, but the next day and night the same mourning and wailing were repeated, until at last, the scene became painful in the extreme, so much so, that two brothers named Mitchell (Protestants), and who rented the hill, stole out by night, took down the body, and buried it at the foot of the gibbet.

But the yeomen hearing of this daring act of humanity, instantly sallied forth, exhumed the corpse, and set it up as before, upon the gibbet. Moore's afflicted wife then again commenced her incessant watches, her prayers, and lamentations, until meeting Miss Hume one day, she threw herself on her face before her, and begged her to obtain for her the dead body of her husband, to give it Christian burial.

Miss Hume, who afterwards became Lady Hartland, alarmed at the wild gestures and wilder grief of the suppliant, demanded who she was, and upon being told that she was wife to Moore, whose dead body hung upon the gibbet on the hill, she promised to intercede with her brother, and endeavour to have her request complied wit'

The next day the mortal remains of Moore were delivered up to his disconsolate widow, who had them immediately conveyed away from the hated spot, and decently interred in the romantic church-yard of Kilranelagh.

Moore had said over and over again, that he would sooner or later suffer death for the murder of Mr. Hume—and so, his prediction was accordingly fulfilled, but far sooner, we opine, than he at all anticipated. Thus, between the victim and the informer, Dwyer lost two of the deserters.

CHAPTER IX.

"TARTAR-CATCHING," AND DEATH-STRUGGLES.

IN the quiet little hamlet of Donard, sheltered by its cozy belt of hills, which stretch away to the high and lofty summits looking down on Baltinglass, was stationed Captain Heighington's corps of yeomanry. In its ranks was a man named Case, better known by the *soubriquet* of the *Corkman's*

son, and one of the ablest and most powerfully-built men in that part of the country.

Case received information one day that Dwyer was in the immediate neighbourhood, and upon inquiry found that the insurgent chief was not, indeed, far away, having ventured to visit a friend's house in the Glen of Imale; and that the low hills of Donard alone stood between him and the prospect of a handsome reward. He determined to capture Dwyer, or perish in the attempt. For this purpose he communicated his design to two other yeomen, who at once volunteered to be participators in the perilous enterprise. Three armed men against one—even although that one was Dwyer—appeared such safe odds that Case was tolerably sanguine as to the issue. Accordingly, the three adventurers crossed over into the glen, on the pretence of purchasing a supply of turf for their barracks, at a bog immediately adjoining the house where they knew their man was concealed.

Dwyer, however, was duly apprised of their approach, and with that decision which never deserted him, he determined to meet his enemies, and prove to them that no yeoman ever lived who could capture him in his native glen.

Case and his companions approached the lion's den, and were proceeding quietly and cautiously to surround it, when forth burst the object of their search, and with him, to their utter dismay, his two trusty henchmen, Hugh Byrne and Martin Burke.

One of the yeos having instantly turned and fled, ran for his life, pursued by Byrne, who followed closely upon his track.

The Corkman and Dwyer, recognizing each other at a glance, discharged their guns, missed, paused for a second, and then Case, with fixed bayonet, charged his adversary home. Dwyer met the attack with clubbed musket, knocking off the blade as he sprang aside from the thrust.

Both men closed without a word, without a breath. Case, as we said, was a strong, stalwart fellow—he was in the prime of life, too, and over six feet in height, well proportioned, and of indomitable resolution.

Dwyer was equally tall. His form was spare, but muscular.

During a struggle of a few minutes' endurance, the ground seemed to shake beneath their feet. The bodies swayed and twisted, whilst their eyes blazed fire into each other.

At last they swung loose from each other, when Dwyer dropped his long arms suddenly, and seizing Case about the waist, would have hipped and dashed him violently to the ground, but the heavy yeoman as suddenly wound his adversary's neck in so close an embrace that both men staggered, tottered, stumbled, and fell, Case's great weight bringing Dwyer under. Dwyer's blood was fully up, his trained and tried valour only rising with the emergency. Case battled now for life, and sought to plant his knee into his enemy's stomach, and possibly would have succeeded but that Dwyer's hand came in contact with the fallen bayonet. To seize it, to drive it through the yeoman's neck, was but the work of thought. Again and again to repeat the blow, until Case's bear-like hug began to relax, to feel the red hot blood streaming down upon his own face, to fling his weakening adversary off, to plunge and re-plunge the bayonet into his naked throat, were acts of an instant. The yeoman groaned, loosened entirely his twining grasp, turned his gory head painfully and slowly away, and then fell heavily and helplessly on the grass. Dwyer sprang to his feet, looked at his fallen enemy, turned him over, felt at his heart —he seemed to all intents and purposes dead. He took up the body and flung it into an adjoining ditch.

During Dwyer's combat, Burke and the second yeoman had another desperate contest. Neither had time to discharge their guns, for they grappled with each other the moment after Case and Dwyer fired upon each other. The struggle, then, was for the bayonet, which each of them secured in turn, inflicting many desperate wounds upon each other. At last Burke became the fortunate possessor of the much-coveted weapon, and was rushing on his antagonist in a blind fury, when the yeoman turned and ran, leaving his arms to his conqueror. Byrne, too who had a flying yeoman of his own, as narrated already, now returned to the scene of conflict. He had pursued the fugitive until he became tired of the chase, and so, at last he declared that if the yeo would resign his arms, he would follow him no farther. The arms were willingly surrendered, and Byrne now displayed them as trophies of his success. Dwyer and his two brave adherents, fearing that the report of firearms might have awakened the vigilance of the force at Donard, thought it prudent to leave the locality with all speed, and make good their way to the mountains. The Corkman's son, however,

was not dead, although dreadfully wounded. The woman of the house where Dwyer had been, found the body warm in the ditch where it lay, and, calling to her husband, they removed the yeoman to their own house and their own bed, gave him restoratives, dressed his wounds, stanched his blood, and finally sent a messenger to his comrades, and had him removed to a place of safety. This poor woman and her husband were harbourers of rebels, insurgents, patriots, or by whatsoever other name the reader chooses to designate the defenders of the liberties of their native country; and we mention the fact advisedly, because by-and-by we will have occasion to notice the conduct of a certain Mrs. Valentine, who, under some similar circumstances, acted a very, very different part indeed. Dwyer heard the same evening that the Corkman was not dead. As he returned to assure himself of the fact, he knocked at the poor woman's door, and made the necessary inquiry; but she told him that Case's body had been already removed to Donard by a body of yeomanry, although, at that moment, Case was simply ensconced in her own feather bed, and sedulously attended by her husband. Case was dangerously ill for a long time, but eventually recovered, and still lives, having a public-house somewhere in Dublin; indeed, our authority for this true history saw him but a short time ago.

CHAPTER X.

"DEEP POTATIONS."

INEBRIETY was not, of a certainty, one of Dwyer's weaknesses; yet occasionally, when wearied with disaster, perished with bivouacking in caves underground or house-roofs overground, away from his dear wife and little ones, he sometimes was induced to transgress the bounds of propriety and safety, and indulge in a regular spree, reckless and thoughtless of any contingency. It was on some such occasion as one of those alluded to, that he and Hugh Byrne called at a public-house at Atestown, belonging to a man named Doody. In a short time they were joined by some young men of the neighbourhood, who, delighted with

the society of their famous glensman, thought they could never *fête* him sufficiently, or pour half enough of the mountain-dew into his stomach. The consequences were, that the captain and his faithful squire got gloriously "screwed," and, after taking leave of their company, proceeded up the Ballinoran road as openly and ostentatiously as if Wicklow was their own, and all the yeomanry in the county hidden in the caves and glens, avoiding them. Byrne, indeed, became so confoundedly stupefied that he coolly informed his captain that he was not inclined to stay on foot any longer, and that he would just slip into an adjoining cozy ditch, and indulge himself with a few hours' slumber.

Dwyer took no heed, but proceeded on his way alone. At this moment Mr. James Krutchly, County Treasurer, who was going to the Assizes of Wicklow, drove up in his tax-cart, with a servant perched behind him. Dwyer seized the horse's reins, commanded the servant not to budge for his life, and then addressed the terrified official.

"Krutchly, now I have you. You often tried to take my life—yours is this instant in my power. Hand out your weapons."

"I have no arms," said he, "neither have I ever done more than a man's duty towards you, Dwyer. I am a captain of yeomanry, and when ordered to go out in pursuit of you or others, I only did that which of necessity I was compelled to do."

"If I find arms by you, you will rue it," retorted Dwyer, and immediately broke open the gig-box. No arms appeared, but all the official documents took flight about the road.

"Here is my purse," expostulated the valiant captain and treasurer. "Pray, don't be enraged with me; take it—you are welcome to it—and let me go on my way."

Dwyer flung the purse at his head, and swore that if he had his pistols he would shoot him on the spot. Krutchly now volunteered the most sacred protestations that if Dwyer would only permit him to go free, he would be silent on the matter for ever, and always remember his kindness and forbearance. "Swear to be silent for one day!" exclaimed the victor,—"one day, and then you may bawl your shame about all the county."

"I swear it," said Krutchly; "I swear it, Dwyer!"

"Then, go about your business," was the matter-of-fact

command. Dwyer now felt the effects of his potations becoming more and more overpowering; and becoming conscious that he was getting more top-heavy every moment, he turned into the next house that presented itself. As ill luck would have it, his place of refuge was no other than the dwelling of Sergeant Agar, the same whose arm was shattered by Andrew Thomas, at the battle of Kaigeen. The sergeant recognized the insurgent leader instantly, and courteously invited him to take a seat by the fire. He saw that he was helplessly intoxicated, as indeed he was—so much so, that he sank into a chair, and at once fell into a sound sleep. What a sad sight, that he, the gallant, the generous, should thus thoughtlessly first lose his reason and his corporal energies, and then stolidly fling himself into the hands of his bitterest foes! There he lay in a dull stupor, with the Philistines all around him. Agar sent for his brother, another yeoman, to hold counsel with him as to what was best to be done,—whether they should bind him, and make him their prisoner, or murder him on the spot. They resolved upon killing him. Agar's wife, however, having overheard them, rushed into the room before they could carry their design into effect. "Agar," she cried to her husband, "the blood of this man shall not be on my hearth. He often spared and saved my dearest friends, and how can we hurt him, when he strays unconsciously into our house, asking for shelter." Agar and his brother remonstrated with the woman, but it was of no avail.

"No, no," said she; "as sure as God hears me, if ye injure a hair of his head, another day I will never spend under this roof."

They then proposed to make Dwyer a prisoner.

But this she also opposed, with the same resolution; and further, she stepped up to the sleeping man, and shaking him violently by the shoulder, cried out—"Get up, Dwyer; your life is in danger!"

Dwyer sprang to his feet, the short nap and the sudden surprise half sobering him.

"Is there any friend near," she asked, "whom you would wish to send for to help you away?"

"Yes; William Stanbridge."

She despatched a messenger on the spot, and Stanbridge was by Dwyer's side in a few minutes. Agar and his brother stood aside whilst the two men hurried away from

the danger,—away with them by Kilranelagh hill, and on towards Kaigeen, until they reached the mountain-side, where Dwyer took refuge with a farmer named Sharkey.

The report soon got wind that the insurgent chief was in the neighbourhood, and accordingly the whole yeomanry corps was immediately under arms.

They tracked the fugitive to Sharkey's, but Dwyer had already left the place. This they would not believe, but ransacked the whole house from top to bottom, and finally proceeded to dig up the garden, having heard that there was a cave concealed there. But they had all their labour for nothing; the bird had flown.

In the meantime Hugh Byrne overslept his debauch in the ditch by the roadside, and having aroused himself, and recalled his senses, thought it high time to look after his leader.

Being soon told that he was a prisoner with the Agars, he armed himself, and boldly repairing to the house, knocked loudly at the door.

Mrs. Agar raised a window, and seeing Byrne, told him of his captain's escape, and whither he had gone.

Astonished and delighted, the man thanked her over and over again for her kind conduct to his friend, and swearing that he would never forget it to her or her's, joyfully went his way. At first view it may appear strange that Byrne should thus immediately credit the account given by the wife of a bitter enemy; but it yet remains to be told that this woman was the daughter of a highly respectable farmer in Wicklow, named Turner Wilson, who, although a Protestant and a yeoman, was never known to be guilty of a cruel or dishonourable act; whose word the peasantry were always wont to depend upon, and whose frequent interference in their behalf gained him the respect and good-will of the whole country around; indeed, he was nearly a solitary exception to the great mass of the men of his class. Turner Wilson, then, being a man of such a stamp, it at once ceases to be a matter of wonder why Hugh Byrne believed the word of his favourite daughter, and went away quite satisfied that his leader was once more free from the toils of the enemy, and placed, for the time at least, in a place of security.

We will have occasion by and by to notice the character of another woman of the Orange party, of a painfully opposite kind to that of the grateful and true-hearted Mrs. Agar.

CHAPTER XI.

A RESCUE.

THERE were races held at Donard, where numbers of the peasantry assembled. Many of the soldiers of the surrounding districts were also there, and among them a certain Sergeant Spence and four of his men, who were part of the force stationed at Knockenarrigan barracks, in the Glen of Imale. The races over, the sergeant and his companions were returning home when they met some of the Donard Yeomanry, having in custody a man named Michael Stanbridge, whom they were conducting to Knockenarrigan. Spence demanded what the charge was against Stanbridge; and upon learning that he was accused of uttering seditious language in a neighbouring public-house, offered to take care of the prisoner himself, as he was then returning to his quarters at the very place they were bound for. This proposition was readily agreed to; and Stanbridge at once changed guards, the yeomanry retiring to a house of entertainment kept by one of their sort, a certain James Plant, at Castleruddery cross-roads.

Dwyer, who was in the immediate vicinity of the race-course, and was sitting at a friend's house, with a little boy on his knee (the boy, indeed, is the authority for the fact, as well as the other events of this true history), heard of the capture, and also that the victim was a close and particular friend and ally of his own. "They will not take him far, if I can help it," said he. "Or I," added Byrne. "Or I," said a nephew to the prisoner. "Or I either," said a third young man—all athletic peasants, and fit for such a dare-devil undertaking. The soldiers were not more than a quarter of a mile in advance, and so the four pursuers very soon came up with them.

Stanbridge's nephew was the first to dart out upon the road, and laying hold of his uncle, told Spence that he must be under some mistake, as that man was his uncle, and had no right to be in any red-coat's company. The sergeant, not deigning to reply, drew his bayonet and was about to stab the audacious meddler, when Dwyer seized, tumbled, and disarmed him. The other two men now also closed in upon the soldiers, as did likewise the liberated captive; and in

a few minutes the *Sagum Dheargs* were without either bayonet or musket, and entirely at the mercy of the infuriated peasants, who beat them violently, and would also have used their weapons before they ended, had not their captain cried out, "Don't stab them in front, boys! If ye are seeking for their hearts, it is behind them they are to be found —very likely in their heels by this time!"

Dwyer's object, of course, was to prevent the murder of any of the foemen; and this he did by adroitly turning aside the wrath of the unruly spirits he was guiding, after a fashion of his own. However, he could not prevent the sergeant and his men from being very hardly used, and left insensible upon the ground.

The five insurgents now donned the military accoutrements of the vanquished, and marching back rank and file, belted, pouched, and armed with bayonets, entered the house from which they started, to the great surprise and delight of their friends, who were anxiously awaiting the result of their expedition.

All this time the Donard yeomanry remained regaling themselves at Plant's hostelry, and exulting in the fate of their fresh victim.

"I will give them fight," exclaimed Dwyer "or maybe something worse. No doubt they think poor Stanbridge, so far from being in decent men's company, is now being tarred and feathered, or picketed, or strangled." So saying, he loaded his blunderbuss with small pellets, and bent his steps to Plant's public-house. Here he soon heard the uproarious noise of the gallant revellers within, and their loyal toasts, pithy sentiments, and the several complimentary and delicate phrases which men with refined minds like theirs usually put forth when their spirits are rampant and their hearts in jubilee. With a slight flush of rising wrath the insurgent leader stepped up to the window of the room where the company was assembled, and flinging it open, fired in right amongst them. Some of them on the instant recognized their assailant, and, horror-stricken, shouted out, "Dwyer! Dwyer!" The name and the shot, which wounded three of them, proved talismanic in their effects. There was a regular rush for the back door, and then a run for dear life. Every yeoman of them all fled—fled like "a cowardly caravan;" whilst Dwyer returned to his friends, who joined in a regular horse laugh at the poltroonery of the military and the mortal terror of the Donard yeomanry.

CHAPTER XII.

BRAVERY AND POLTROONERY.

WHERE the Ow, the Derry, and the Aughrim rivers, now form "the meeting of the Waters," and again twine glidingly along the vast peat-covered plain, black moor, and gloomy morass at the base of Lugnaquillia, Dwyer had, one morning, travelled ahead to meet a young lad at a certain trysting place, who usually supplied him with powder and ball, as well as other ammunition better fitted for the refreshment of the inner man.

He was armed with musket and pistols—had breakfasted at daybreak in his cave over St. Kevin's bed; had no business, his mind at ease, and his spirits rather exuberant. Strolling along one of the wild paths of the mountain, he mused away an hour or more. The guerilla chief felt at home—free in a land of slaves—free to love, and free to live—nay, to rule and to be obeyed. Dwyer feared no man or men; he knew not what fear was. No, not from his birth to his boyhood, not even to his manhood, nor from that to the very last day of his existence, when he yielded up his spirit to his Creator, full of years, but, alas! in a foreign land—far away, far away from the loved country for whose freedom he fought so long and so well.

A certain farmer had a little holding on the mountain's side, and it was hither that our hero was now bending his footsteps. The farmer, too, was looking out for him from his own door, which commanded a view of Imale and all the country around. At this moment he espied a flash of light spring up from the bosom of the valley, and sparkle again and again—now in one spot, and again in another. At first he could not perceive how or what it was, but shading his eyes with his open palm, he looked steadily and long in the direction of the object, and soon ascertained that it proceeded from the sunlight glinting off the helmets of a large troop of mounted yeomanry, who were steadily and swiftly advancing. To dart down the beaten path by which Dwyer was expected, was but the work of a moment; for he well knew if the gallant Captain were once surrounded on the heights, his career and his days would end at once and for ever.

With furious speed, therefore, he fled along. The thought even crossed his mind that Dwyer might think he betrayed him. Ah! God knows he would suffer to be torn limb from limb before he would be guilty of such an act.

Thinking, fearing, doubting, hoping, the poor farmer plunged down the precipitous roadway, until at length he came to a broad amphitheatre, like a bailly, between juts of hills; here he lay down flat, and looked below upon a ledge of rock, broad and bare, and flanked on either side with wild brier, brushwood, and clumps of furze and ferns. On the rock stood Dwyer, his musket grounded, and supporting his folded arms, upon which rested his chin, as with apparently idle gaze he watched the approach of the horsemen as they spurred furiously towards the victim they considered now, at last, fairly within their power.

The farmer, believing that Dwyer could not possibly see the coming danger, and take the matter so very carelessly, cried out to him at the top of his voice. The rebel chief turned round, looked up, nodded to him, and smiled; then coolly once more resuming his former attitude, again contemplated the gallant red-coats with the most provoking tranquillity. The farmer on the bailly shouted and warned. Dwyer leant upon his gun. "The yeos!" screamed the farmer; "they are just on you, just under your feet." Dwyer's broad shoulders shook. The farmer knew he was laughing. "You don't believe, Dwyer. But, O Lord of heaven! I see them from where I lie. Fly! fly! into the ferns, down the gulley, into the old quarry, Michael, darling, and you'll get into the valley still in spite of them." The warning was absolutely shrieked down to the stubborn Captain by his agonized friend, but Dwyer leant upon his gun. "Dwyer is mad," cried the poor fellow, "and I will not stay here to see him a prisoner with the bloody yeomen. Dwyer! Dwyer!" he roared in the last accents of despair, "they are on you; what ails you? what ails you?"

The cavalry were now, indeed, within a few hundred yards of the rock, and had taken every precaution to surround it on every quarter. Dwyer still leant upon his gun. The poor farmer fled for his life, as well as to find out some of the insurgents for a rescue. Closing on their prey, the yeomen slowly and cautiously advanced, until they came within gunshot.

Dwyer stood erect, and drawing from his pocket a

sea-whistle, he blew a shrill note towards the brushwood on one side, and the fern and furze on the other; and, springing from the rock, he cried out in a voice of thunder, "Now, boys, now, surround them! surround them! then, dashing forward full charge upon the astounded *sagums*, discharged his musket at the first rank. The yeos turned—spurred—fled—never once looking behind them. And so it was that from the gaunt side of the monarch of the Wicklow mountains, fifty mounted yeomen, doing duty for his Britannic Majesty in Ireland, spurred wildly through the Southern Vale of Imale, making their desperate retreat and escape from *one brave man*. The meanest peasant in Wicklow has the story as pat as his prayers; and many a bold youth on the mountain and in the valley pants for a fame like that of the bold insurgent who seemed to hold a charmed life.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YEOS ON BLOODHOUND DUTY.

VERY early on a Sunday morning, in the glorious Glen of Imale, a large body of yeomen cavalry halted. To the muzzles of some of their horses capacious nose-bags of corn were appended, whilst the heads of others were dipped in a limpid stream that flowed away sparklingly at their feet. The men dismounted, leaned on their steeds, and chatted away with one another in the highest glee, which was not a little increased by the antics and loquacity of a half-witted young peasant, with whom the whole party seemed already well acquainted. The individual in question bore the singular *soubriquet* of "The Day after the Fair," for which he was indebted to the fact of his perpetually volunteering information about Dwyer's place of concealment, which, although invariably correct enough, had this one very important drawback—that it came *a day too late*. He was a little red-headed lad, about eighteen years of age, with large, open, deep-gray eyes, raw red face, bare feet, hard, bony frame, regular features, and very primitive costume, consisting of goat-skin smalls, straw hat, white frieze jerkin, and a girdle of straw and hay artistically intermingled.

"Dinny," asked a facetious old purple-nosed corporal, "where will we find your friend Michael Dwyer this morning?"

"In St. Kevin's bed," said Dinny. "I saw him climbing up with my own two looking eyes."

"He slept there last night, I'll be bound," remarked the corporal.

"Who told you that?" asked Dinny, with evident surprise.

"Did he get up yet?" put in another of the yeomen.

"Will I go and see?" cried Dinny, anxiously.

"*The day after the fair*," laughed another yeo; and a roar of laughter followed the apt application of the old nickname.

"The day after the divil," grumbled Dinny, moving away from the mocking crowd, and directing his steps to where some of the horses were still drinking, attended by a solitary soldier. Dinny sidled up to the man, and, taking hold of one of the animal's heads, proceeded to adjust the bit and bridle, whilst at the time, and with his back turned to the troop he had left, he asked, "Where are ye going? and where is he?"

The man made a feint blow at the speaker, whilst he replied, "To Rathdangan Chapel, where he is expected at first mass, with Burke and Byrne. You will hardly be time enough to warn him. Run for your life." Here the man drew a pistol from one of the holsters, and presented it at Dinny, who fled with apparent terror and the wildest precipitation, to the great amusement of all the yeos in view.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that it was a very usual thing in those days to find United Irishmen in the ranks of the yeomanry, sprinkled here and there through several corps, and having communication with each other, as well as with the peasantry, for the protection of the insurgents, and the advancement of the national cause. The man just noticed was one of this class.

Dwyer was betrayed. The information was quite accurate both as to time and place.

Away sped the boy on his mission of warning, any way, every way that promised to shorten the distance an inch; for every moment was precious, not a second to spare. If Dwyer was surrounded within the chapel walls of Rathdangan, he and his two brave associates were surely captured, or shot in their attempt to escape.

In the meantime, the yeomen got into their saddles, and spurred forward along the glen at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop, as the morn broke forth more brilliantly, and the hour of the early Catholic service approached.

The priest had just ascended the altar steps. Dwyer and his men were kneeling in the midst of the congregation, and mass began and proceeded until the gospel, when the people arose and were standing silent and still. At this moment the panting boy glided in amongst the crowd, and, quickly spying the tall figure he was in search of, crept up to his side, and whispered, "Fifty yeomen, captain; five minutes will bring them here, and they will surround the chapel as they advance."

Dwyer quietly moved on to the further end of the chapel, where two or three farmers were leaning against a pillar.

He spoke to them for two or three minutes, and then they slid away noiselessly and in different directions through the assembled people.

The yeomen rode up to the chapel door, and with a tramp of horsehoofs and clank of spurs and sabres, that startled the very priest on the altar.

Some of the people rushed out of the building, and were permitted to pass through the horses, but not without the closest scrutiny. Amongst the rest, the farmers beforementioned made their way. Dwyer stood calmly near the sanctuary rails, with his arms folded on his breast,—his two comrades stood beside him; but their ears drank in every sound, and each man grasped a brace of heavily-loaded pistols.

Some half-dozen of the yeomen entered the chapel with drawn sabres, but the utter stillness of the people seemed to startle them, and they stood irresolute.

The women flocked around Dwyer, and effectually concealed him from view, and the priest, having hurriedly finished the Mass, left the altar, and retreated into the vestry. The yeos advanced, but the peasants obstructed their passage as much as possible, and only waited Dwyer's word to disarm them in a twinkling. The valiant soldiers did not like either the looks or movements of the people, and therefore were not over anxious to press forward too violently. Had they done so, they must have been in Dwyer's presence after a very few strides. As it was, the hardy chief cocked his pistols, and moved a step in advance

of his companions. At this critical moment a trumpet sounded suddenly and shrilly, and the yeomen as suddenly turned and pushed for the door, with one simultaneous rush. At Dwyer's word of command the people rushed after them, and out into the open air, leaving Dwyer and his men amongst the women. All was hurry and confusion; but the yeomen were prepared, and had formed a perfect cordon around the moving mass. Every horseman there knew Dwyer personally, and their determination was to arrest or shoot him. A few moments more would bring matters to an issue. The peasants were more numerous than the yeomen, but they were unarmed, and Dwyer absolutely forbade them to think of resisting by force. Both parties stood still and mute, the people concealing Dwyer, the yeomanry endeavouring to spy him out from their high position on horseback, and not wishing to create any confusion lest it might favour his escape. Now, over the chapel was the hill of Bornagh, and from the hill, as both parties thus confronted each other, arose a ringing shout—another and another, and next instant three men in their shirts were plainly seen flying along its sides.

"There they are!" shouted the yeos; "there 's Dwyer first, and Burke and Byrne after his heels;" and, turning their horses heads to Bornagh, away they spurred in pursuit, up a good broad mountain-path, and along a smooth and firm sward, which gave them every chance of overtaking the fugitives.

The people sprang after the chase, and off pelted the whole congregation to see the result of the yeomen's human hunt.

The yeos were well mounted, and the game was not remarkably swift of foot; indeed, it was strange to see the gallant captain make so bad a run of it.

In the space of fifteen or twenty minutes all was over, and a knot of people who were near enough to witness the inglorious issue, did not affect to conceal their disappointment.

"What the divil has come over the captain?" cried one, "to let himself be seized without a tug for it."

"Ay," added another, "and Burke and Byrne are lying down on the grass. By the mortial, I believe they are crying!!"

"Och! blood an ouns!" cried a third, "Dwyer, you're not the man I took you for after all."

"Am I not Darby Keegan?" said a queer voice by his side.

"Will you wipe up my tears, Darby?" asked another voice, at his other side, whilst, behind his back, a third voice chimed in—

"And give me a wipe or two, whilst your hand is in, dear Darby!"

Dwyer and his men were in the midst of them, and the captured fugitives on the hill were the three farmers whom the insurgent chief had whispered to in the chapel, and who had adopted the present ruse to put the yeos off the scent.

"Who are ye all?" demanded the yeomen of their prisoners, "and why did ye strip and fly before us for the last half hour? Who are ye?"

"Anthony Bryne, of Hamilton Lodge, at your service, gentlemen," said one.

"John Nevill, of same neighbourhood."

"Yes, yes, we know ye, we know ye," interrupted the discomfited heroes; "but why were ye running as if for your lives?"

"We were helping each other to collect our sheep, that have been wandering about the hills these three days past."

So ended the yeo hunt.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MEETING.

One morning in Wicklow, Dwyer was making a short-cut journey across the country. Jumping over a narrow stream, the hero of our narrative approached a huge quick-set double hedge which bordered the main road, and was plentifully topped along its whole length with a very thick growth of prickly furze; but formidable as this new barrier appeared, it afforded very little obstacle to his further progress; for holding his *cota more* about his body, he crushed through the spiky mass with a will, and the next moment was out on the king's highway. His sudden appearance startled a horseman who was passing at the time, causing the horse to rear, and almost unseat his rider. Dwyer seized

the rein, and as instantly recognized the man. The recognition was mutual. The horseman was Rowley Valentine, a mounted yeoman. The two men had been neighbours ever since their boyhood, and knew each other thoroughly. There was no attribute in common between them but one—they both possessed indomitable courage. Valentine looked upon Dwyer as a mistaken, hot-headed madman, urged on by the errors of Popery into audacious rebellion. The rebellion he might have forgiven him, but the Popery never. In fact, many of the fanatic Orangemen of that day fought more through the fear of Catholic ascendancy than any want of love of Irish nationality; and so it is, we believe, in many instances to the present day. Valentine, then, did not hate Dwyer, but he abhorred the cause he advocated. Dwyer, on the other hand, viewed Valentine in the light of an honest, open enemy, who risked his life boldly in the daylight as well as the night-time, through a certain innate conviction. His acts were bloody and bad, but never mean or base, and his cruelties were committed under some confused notion of reprisals. True to his instincts, he was an Orangeman and a yeoman, and neither fee, favour, or reward, could ever have induced him to abate one jot from what he considered the duty of both one and the other. "Rowley, were you looking for me?" asked Dwyer, as he made a shield of the horse's head to protect his own; for he saw that Rowley had drawn one of the pistols from his holster, and he had his own quite as ready in his right hand, whilst his left held the bridle-rein.

"I neither sought you nor fear you, Mick," was the prompt reply.

"Where are you going, then?"

"To Leitrim barrack."

"The next turn on the right?"

"Yes."

"Put up your pistol."

Valentine returned it to the holster without the slightest hesitation. Dwyer smiled, and thrust his into his belt, at the same time setting the horse free, and taking his own place close by the horseman's side, and so they jogged on for full five minutes, Dwyer asking a thousand questions about his comrades in arms or in the hands of the enemy, or else putting other queries even more disagreeable to his auditor.

"And so, Rowley ye hanged poor young Kavanagh at

Baltinglass, and stuck his boy's head upon a spike. Your namesake, Mrs. Biddy Valentine, did an act on that occasion that even you wouldn't be guilty of, Rowley."

"It was only a woman's way of doing duty," grinned Rowley.

"I'll soon show her a man's way of punishing informers," replied Dwyer angrily.

"We'll manage to protect her, notwithstanding," retorted Rowley—"at least, as long as she is doing the king's business."

"He must be a dirty king who patronizes unnatural and unmeaning dirty work of that kind."

Rowley clapped his hand on his pistol.

"Ho, ho, Rowley, have I vexed you, and hurt your loyalty? Well, well, as I see you can't keep your temper, and as I am not over meek myself, I think my best place is here, convenient to you." So saying, Dwyer vaulted lightly behind the yeoman, and thus continued the conversation. "Don't be frightened, Rowley; I am only going to be a little more neighbourly with you."

Rowley paled a bit, but still sate statelily in his saddle, and without budging an inch.

"I only wish I had your king here, instead of yourself, Rowley, and I'd teach him a lesson that would serve him and his, and us and ours, for the rest of our days. There's no harm in that simple wish, anyhow."

"Neither harm nor good, Mick."

"Ye hanged poor Case, too, I understand?"

"Yes; he died the death of a rebel and a" ——

Here Dwyer pushed up closer to Rowley on the horse, which caused the speaker, either intentionally or of necessity, to leave the sentence unfinished.

"Ye spiked his head, too, I believe?"

"Oh yes; sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander."

"And Captain Dalton was served in the same way?"

"No doubt of it!"

"One Michael Dwyer, I suppose, is expected to be the next gooseberry on the same bush?"

"Get down from behind my back, Mick, and I'll give you an answer to that question."

"Not yet, Rowley; I'm better where I am; besides I want to whisper in your ear a few facts that I hope you will live to see come to pass."

"What are they?"

"They are one apiece for the heads in Baltinglass!"

"How?"

"As sure as my name is Dwyer, I will punish the informers, man and woman, who had those three poor fellows strangled for revenge or for blood-money, or both!"

"I never did any business after that fashion."

"What fashion?"

"Killing any man for blood-money."

"So much the better for yourself this blessed day, Rowley."

Rowley Valentine shuddered a little, for he felt what the insurgent chief said was literally true. This, and the consciousness of being entirely in his enemy's power, rendered him very uncomfortable indeed.

"Are you going to give me much more of your company?" inquired Rowley uneasily.

Dwyer laughed—"No, no; only as far as the cross-roads, if you promise not to mention to anybody that you met me."

"By G—, I won't breathe a word of it, Dwyer."

"Well, I believe you, Rowley, and more than that, I will trust you; and that is more than I would either do or say to any other yeoman in Wicklow."

"Thank'ee."

"You're welcome, Rowley, and a good day to you, and never mind looking behind you." So saying, the enterprising captain dropped off the yeoman's horse, and cocking his carbine, stood quietly on the high road, until Valentine not only turned into the Leitrim road, but was fully and entirely out of sight amid its windings.

It is but only fair to state that Rowley kept his word sacredly, although he spent that day at the barracks, and the greater part of the night also.

We will see in the next chapter how soon and how well Dwyer kept his word also, about taking vengeance on the informers, and how he began with Mrs. Biddy Valentine, who, however, was neither kith nor kin to Rowley, which that worthy also, on every occasion, resolutely maintained—for Biddy was no favourite with either party.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT MRS. VALENTINE DID, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER IN CONSEQUENCE.

In one of the many skirmishes which occurred between the yeomanry and the insurgents from 1798 to 1802, and in all of which nearly, in Wicklow and Wexford, the celebrated guerilla chief had taken some part, a young man named Kavanagh was severely wounded by a gun-shot in the leg and knee. Dwyer made the most daring efforts to prevent him from falling into the hands of the enemy, but, alas! he was utterly helpless, and had to be carried bodily from the field on his captain's back. On this hapless occasion, the yeomanry were joined by the soldiers of the line, and consequently showed great pluck and perseverance; so much so, indeed, that his gallant protector was reduced to the alternative of either sacrificing both their lives, or else of leaving the wounded man to the protection of some chivalrous friend, of whom Dwyer had thousands in Wicklow. In this emergency Mrs. Valentine came in the way, and Kavanagh knowing her very well, and having the most implicit confidence in her as a friend and neighbour, although allied to the enemy, entreated Dwyer to leave him in her charge. The yeomen and military pressed fast behind, and the chances of escape for both were becoming every moment less and less, so that, but with a very bad grace, the request was acceded to.

"Mrs. Valentine" said Dwyer, "I give my young friend into your charge, if you will undertake to take care of him, if you will promise me to do so faithfully. I do not force him upon you, nor ask you to accept a trust in any way disagreeable to you. He says you are his friend—are you? Speak quickly, we have no time to lose."

"Biddy," cried the wounded boy, "for the sake of old times, will you save me from the yeos, until I can save and defend myself?"

"You know I will, William," cried Mrs. Valentine; "and sorry I am, this blessed day, to see you in such a miserable condition. Leave him with me, captain; bring him into the house; the soldiers have not yet topped the hill; this way, this way; they will never come to my house to look for a rebel."

"Are you sure you can depend on her?" whispered Dwyer.

"Certain; leave me, and look after your own safety."

Mrs. Valentine put the poor wounded boy into her own bed, helped him to cut out two bullets from his injured limb with a razor, bandaged him up kindly and comforably, and after giving him a warm, refreshing drink, left him to rest his weary bones, after the day's harassing fatigue, and his exhausting loss of blood.

"Do you feel easy and free from pain now, William?"

"Yes, Biddy, thank you; may God bless you! You were always kind to me, and I once loved you very much."

"And don't you still, William, dear?"

"Where's the use, where's the use. People of two different creeds would never be happy, and so the priest warned me."

"What the divil does the priest know about it? Leave him there and come over to us, Billy."

"—— God forbid!"

"You might do worse."

"Not much. Leave me alone; do, Biddy, dear; the pain is beginning to trouble me again."

"Can't you listen to reason, William? I have money, and can make you rich and happy all the days of your life."

"Leave me alone, Biddy; there's no use in speaking that way."

"Well, what way will I speak to you?"

"Just hand me the little prayer-book you'll get in my hat there, and leave me to myself awhile."

"Is that your answer to all my woman's love?

"God help me! what can I do?"

"Is that your answer after saving your life?"

"Biddy, Biddy! since you force me to it, listen!"

"What is it, William, dear?"

"I am married already!"

Mrs. Valentine never uttered a syllable more, but hastily putting on her cloak, left the room; left the house.

The wounded boy groaned with pain and anxiety; he had reason. In about an hour or less Mrs. Valentine returned, but not alone. She was accompanied by a troop of yeomen. They dragged poor Kavanagh from his place of rest, heedless of his helpless condition, and of the torture of his torn flesh, half dressed as he was, and fainting with agony.

The woman looked on unmoved.

"My innocent blood be on your head, Biddy Valentine!" exclaimed the poor victim as he crossed the threshold.

The yeomen swore at him in full concert, and dragged him more mercilessly than ever.

"You earned it for yourself," retorted Mrs. Valentine; "and you deserved no better at my hands."

"May God forgive you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the woman, in her gratified vengeance. "Here, soldiers!" she cried, as she followed them a few paces down the road—"Here; take his Popish mummery along with him!" and Mrs. Biddy pelted the Catholic prayer-book towards them. The yeomen never heeded either her or the book. They were too intent upon their task, so that one of the neighbours easily secured the prize, and the next day sent it to the mountains to Dwyer, with an account of the fate of his young friend.

The next day, too, poor Kavanagh was hanged at Baltinglass, and his head spiked over the jail, for the edification of all beholders.

Dwyer was on his way to pay Mrs. Valentine a domiciliary visit when he met his friend Rowley, as recounted in the last chapter.

Night fell on the valley, and all was still and silent as the tomb. The yeomen were in their barracks, their bloody work done for the day. Lights still peeped from the narrow panes of many a rustic dwelling, for it was not yet curfew time.

Mrs. Biddy sat by the fire, all alone and musing. She was thinking over her satisfied revenge, and she was also busy in preparing a hot supper for herself. Whether a certain young face, white as snow, and contorted with the pressure of the strangling rope, arose before her vision, or a certain gory head pressed down upon a long, cruel, rusty iron pike, intruded itself upon her thoughts, it is hard to conjecture. Whether or not, she cooked her supper with unusual care, and uttered a smothered curse as some unwelcome visitor knocked smartly at the door for admittance.

"Come in!" said Biddy angrily.

"Come out!" said a voice abroad.

Biddy stood up instantly, and walked out into the night. A woman stood there, wrapped up in a large dark mantle.

"Biddy Valentine, where's your guest, William Kavanagh?"

Biddy trembled, and was silent.

"Where is the poor young boy that was left in your charge, helpless and wounded? His mother is waiting for him at home, and his newly-wedded wife sent me to you for him."

Biddy trembled more and more, but never uttered a syllable.

"Did you kill the young husband, Biddy, and the widow's only son? Where is he? Where is he?"

"Mercy!"

"Woman! informer, murderer!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"On your own hearth! On the bed you were going to press to-night, his blood still staining it."

"Ha!" shrieked the wretched woman, in a burst of wild terror; "I know you now! You are"——

A red flash smote the darkness—one long, loud, reverberating roar—the ball had sped—the deed was done, and Biddy Valentine was a corpse.

The stranger quietly turned away; the tall gaunt figure slid into the shadows, and the dead body remained where it was until the following morning.

CHAPTER XVI.

TEMPTATION.

We will now take a trip to Baltinglass, on the placid and peaceful waters of the Slaney, the grand *Bealtinne* of the southern states of Leinster, with its Druid altars and heather monuments, and the arched and pillared ruins, in the midst of which lie the mortal remains of Diarmid MacMeerchad; whilst down upon all, from the high hill, frown the prominent forts of Rathcoran and Rathnagee.

We shall not stop in the mean little town itself, but shall step up to Crosby Park, and get into the distinguished society of Captain Airly, and his lady, who are entertaining in their hospitable mansion very many of their wealthy neighbours, as well as some officers of the line, quartered in the place, and a sprinkling of gentlemen engaged in his

Majesty's corps of Yeomanry in Wicklow county. It is evening, and it is a musical feast, and everything is on the grandest scale, and there is to be a ball and supper, ay, and every sort of gladness and rejoicing, as if, outside doors, there was no such thing as the hot blood of murdered peasants crying aloud to heaven for vengeance.

Mrs. Airly was a lady of high musical taste and much refinement, her mental qualifications of a high order, and her hospitality boundless. This evening, in order to perfect her amateur orchestra, she invited two young lads, sons of a respectable farmer of the district, and the elder of whom was an excellent violinist, the younger, a mere child. The time passed on pleasantly with music and song, and all the fascinations of beautiful women, until, by an unlucky whisper, Colonel Carr, an officer of the line, learned that the two lads were neighbours of Dwyer, and thoroughly conversant with all his movements. From this moment the young violinist received all the gallant colonel's attention, and the younger boy, too, was by no means forgotten. That gallant soldier actually insisted upon conducting the intrancing musician to the supper-table, and some other officer did the same with the brother. What a fine sight to see two brave officers trying to corrupt the innocent minds of two gentle peasant boys! Humphry Spence, Esq., J.P., thought it an admirable scheme; and Master Hugh Kearns, a greasy-faced little monkey of a yeoman ensign, protested by G—— and his honour, that it was a slap-up piece of acting altogether, and that the colonel was a man after his own heart. And so he was.

After supper, dancing began, and the colonel and some of his military friends coaxed the boy into an anteroom, whilst the other guests were enjoying themselves, and at once began to question him on the subject nearest to their heart.

"You know Dwyer, the rebel?" asked Colonel Carr.

"Oh yes! I know Michael Dwyer very well."

"You know where he is usually to be found?"

"Very often I do."

"Where he hides?"

"Yes."

"And how he might be arrested?"

"I think I do."

"Well, now, my fine intelligent boy, if you help us to

find him I will give you this heavy purse of gold, and also a written promise of a commission in my corps, when you come of age for the appointment.

"Michael Dwyer is my father's gossip," said the boy very quietly.

"Well, your father will never know of it; and Dwyer is a rebel to his Majesty our king."

"And he is my brother's friend," continued the boy.

"Your brother shall have another purse and another commission."

"And the people love him," said the boy.

"And the king hates him," retorted the colonel.

"And I love Michael Dwyer, and I hate the king. Ha! ha! ha!" And the child laughed and left the room, his Majesty's officers looking very foolish indeed.

However, they at once repaired to the drawing-room, where the violinist was engaged in the exhibition of his musical skill with the charming hostess.

The colonel was determined to have an audience before his brother could communicate with him, and therefore, at the first pause of the performance, abruptly observed—

"You play admirably, Mr. O'Brien (the young man's name). I suppose you often amuse Michael Dwyer with your fine fiddle in his mountain solitudes?"

"Never, colonel," replied the musician curtly.

"Never!" retorted Mr. Justice Spencer; "yes, you did often play to the d—d rebel; you know you did."

Mr. Morley Saunders of Saunders's Grove now interfered, and reminded Colonel Carr that he was overstepping the bounds of decorum in asking such questions, and particularly at such a time and place. As to Mr. Spencer, he was a privileged person at home or abroad. Nobody heeded him except on the bench, and not even there always.

"Mr. Saunders," exclaimed O'Brien, "I have no objection to tell Colonel Carr all I know of Michael Dwyer, and where I saw him last."

"Now, Saunders, now, Saunders, pray do not interfere," said the brave colonel in an ecstasy.

"On honour, you really must not," said the monkey ensign imploringly.

"Upon my soul, no! Now, Saunders," blurted out Mr. Spencer, J.P.

"I saw him last in" ——

"Where?" asked all the gentlemen at once.

'In Tarbertstown."

"What doing?"

'Pursuing the Humewood yeomen; he was in his shirt sleeves, and they were running before him like hares."

O'Brien then turned on his heel, and joining his young brother, both at once left the house together.

That night they informed Dwyer of the whole occurrence, for his cave was not a quarter of a mile from their father's house.

By way of episode, it is as well to add the ultimate proceedings of those two boys, as we may not have again to refer to them directly.

From the time of the Airly banquet, they were both well watched by the sleuth-hound yeomen and their subordinates, until at last the elder was accused of being *out* with the insurgent captain. He was not, however, immediately arrested, as the informer wished to make sure of his victim by more positive proof. After a short time, he either procured the testimony he required, or was well prepared to urge it himself, which answered all purposes equally well. Accordingly a party was sent to make the capture, but they found the young man in bed, and in the very midst of a bad, low typhus fever. They would have secured him and carried him away nevertheless, if they had not been apprehensive of contagion. Ay, they would have hanged him before the crisis, if they could have effected it at anything like a safe distance from the infected victim. As it was, they turned away annoyed and discomfited, resolving, however, to pounce upon him as soon as it might be at all consistent with prudence to do so. In the meantime, the poor lad died; the yeomen haunting his home and his death-bed as long as there was a spark of life in him. The younger boy raged at this vile inhumanity, and daily went to his brother's grave to swear vengeance on his murderers.

A very singular event, however, put a stop to the grave visits and the retributive vows of the outraged boy. Nothing less, in truth, than a vision at midnight, in which the deceased appeared to him as he slept, and said to him in the most solemn and impressive manner—

"Daniel, go no more to my grave in Kilranelagh churchyard. Swear no more vows of vengeance; let no man die on my account. Heed me well, or it will fare worse with you.

Daniel never went to Kilranelagh after, as he himself has assured us more than once, whilst we learned from his lips the matter of all we have already written about the gallant Dwyer, and the spirit of daring chivalry which filled his manly breast, whilst he stood up—often alone and unassisted—against the enemies and vile oppressors of his native land.

The hardy boy, grown to old age and fair position in the world, only died the other day, resolute to the last—Irish to the last—anxious to the last that this little book should soon see the light, and that every justice should be done to the hero of his heart's warmest affections. It was his last wish, and we have carried it out with all the sincerity and labour-loved ardour that the subject must always command in the breast of a true Irishman.

The great Atlantic separates the last resting-places of the two friends—the two big hearts that were filled brimful of national love; the one by his acts, and the other by his hot words and vivid memory, leaving this earnest memento after them, to kindle Irish spirit, to enliven Irish apathy, and to impress upon the rising generation the one grand and holy memory, that

"This is our own, our native land!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF YEOMANRY LEGISLATION.

Mr. Joe Hawkins of Baltinglass was a model yeoman—a mere private, to be sure; but then he had merits, according to the yeomanry standard of excellence, to fit him for a captaincy at least. If he loved blood-money, that was rendered venial in his eyes by the ever-consoling fact, that it was founded more upon the facility of obtaining remunera-

Note.—To compare great things with small—the boy to the man—it will not be out of place to remind our readers of what General Read (a shoemaker, by the way) replied to the message of Sir Henry Clinton, during the War of Independence in America, when he offered the republican a million of money and an earldom to betray Washington: "I am poor," said he, "but tell your master that the King of England could not purchase me!"

tion for his services after that fashion, than any inherent affection for his brother's blood.

Arguing in this way, Joseph became a United Irishman, took the prescribed oaths, attended the usual meetings, counselled on the different committees, and finally possessed himself of almost every secret, and of almost every name, connected with the national confederacy in his own neighbourhood. Having effected so much, and knowing that his masters were generous, and that time was money, Mr. Hawkins proceeded at once to bring his victims to the shambles. No qualm disturbed his soul, no hesitation lamed his decision. Joe was up to the mark. He made a good ripe harvest too; and his black list included, not only some of the gallantest hearts of the peasantry, but a respectable group, into the bargain, of his own immediate companions in arms. Yes, Joe had them all duly recorded, of the amount of thirty-four good men and true.

Captain Saunders was at the head of the yeomanry corps of the district at the time—a fair man enough in his line, and an excellent landlord. To him, in his quarters, came one morning the commanding officer of all the disposable forces of Baltinglass, feathered, spurred, armed, awful, and possessed of full powers from the authorities at DublinCastle.

"Captain Saunders, I call upon you officially."

"Well, sir, what is your official announcement?"

"That you have United Irishmen in your corps, and a considerable number of them, to boot."

"Impossible, Mr. Commandant! except they were so before they joined."

"No, sir, *since* they joined."

"Why, most of the men are my own tenants."

"And the king's enemies nevertheless."

"Your proofs, sir!"

"Summon your men, Captain Saunders, and then I will satisfy you. Let them all be paraded before your house in an hour."

The men were paraded accordingly in due time; and the commander soon arrived upon the spot, attended by a very large military force of horse and foot. The first order was to disarm the whole of Saunders's corps. This done, they were surrounded by a double military *cordon*. He then drew from his pocket a written list, from which he called out all their names.

"There are twenty of ye United Irishmen!" he exclaimed; "so come forth, man after man, and stand out here before me."

Nineteen men singled out of the ranks, one after another, and took their places as directed.

"The twentieth man (a blacksmith, named Doyle) cried out, "Is no man to stir but a sworn united man?"

"None other."

"Well, then, I don't go out."

"Nor I," "nor I," "nor I," repeated all the remaining men of the corps.

"Good God!" said Saunders, "I had no notion I was accompanied by so many rebels."

There was a dead silence for some minutes, the doomed men standing sternly and silently on the ground, their heads erect and their eyes unblenching. The commander, who had evidently expected quite a different demeanour, and was prepared to make an insolent and swaggering speech at their expense, cowered before their utter quiescence, the marked solemnity and earnestness of their gaze, and ordered them away, under a strong escort, to the guard-house at Dunlevin.

Captain Saunders waited on the poor prisoners in the evening, and, having ascertained that there was no overt act of rebellion to be attributed to any one of them, told them to be quiet and patient, and that he still hoped all would be well.

The next day the men were paraded, handcuffed, and severally asked whether they would give information of the rebellion, or the secrets of the United Confederates.

No;—they would not.

One man, named John Williams, a respectable farmer, and a Protestant, was particularly importuned to make full confession of all he knew.

"I know nothing more," said he, "than that I became a United Irishman at my own request; that I swore faith and secrecy to the cause of my country; that I believed I was doing what was right and manful, and that I think so still, and the more so on account of the proceedings of the two past days."

"Your doom is sealed, Williams!"

"My doom was sealed when my name was first entered on your list. It was at once death or dishonour: I choose death!"

"And die you shall!"

"Praise be to God!"

"You blaspheme, rebel."

"I am an Irishman, and I die for Ireland!"

"Faugh!—summon the court-martial."

The court-martial was forthwith convened, and, as a matter of course, all the men were sentenced to be shot, both soldiers and civilians, thirty-four in number, as we before stated; all supplied for the English shambles by the indefatigable zeal of the yeoman, Joe Hawkins, and aided and abetted by his Majesty's commissioned officer in command at Baltinglass, whose ill-famed name time refuses to disgorge.

The execution rapidly followed the sentence: it was a way the yeos always had, through mortal fear of either mercy or rescue; therefore, Sergeant Higginbotham, of the Wicklow Militia, was sent forward to Dunlaven-green with a strong guard, having the prisoners tied five and five in their centre. There was one act of retributive justice in the disposition of the doomed. As the human bundles of five were being distinctly parcelled out, there was one found wanting to complete the last group. There was a semblance of incompleteness about the affair, so, to mend it, and with a loud laugh, which Lucifer no doubt echoed from his inmost breast, poor Joe Hawkins, notwithstanding kicks, screams, oaths, menaces, and *tears*, was added: his cup flowed over. He was compelled to supply No. 5 in his own person, and was shot accordingly. The commander followed in state, and with a very severe air indeed. The wife of Matthew Farrell, one of Captain Saunders's tenants, threw herself at the feet of the officer's horse, earnestly supplicating mercy for her innocent husband, who was falsely accused: she was accompanied by eight small children, whose cries of terror and want pierced the very skies.

The king's officer seemed only to think that they might startle his charger and do himself some bodily injury; but, as to dream for a moment of being moved by a mother and orphaned infants, the thought never entered the hero's mind. He was on an errand of public duty, which, with the help of——the devil, he was determined to fulfil to the best of his humble ability—good man!

Arrived at the place of execution, the thirty-five men were put upon their knees, and simultaneously fired into by

about a hundred yeos, at about twenty paces' distance. Out of that reeking carnage one man arose from his knees unhurt, crying aloud—

"God bless the king! my life is my own!"

The loyal cry, or the horrid scene, or both, too much almost for even a yeoman to witness unmoved, saved the wretch's life. He was allowed to depart.

Another man, named Prendergast, wounded in the bowels, was found still living, and, in the confusion, was slipped over the dug ditch flanking the green, carried away, his wounds cared for, and he finally and perfectly recovered. This man was afterwards taken into the service of Captain Saunders, as well also as his uncle, both living for many years afterwards in that gentleman's employment.

Many and many a ballad was written by the peasant poets years after the tragic occurrence, on "The Murder of Saunders's Men." Some fragments of them still remain to be gleaned here and there through the Wicklow and Wexford hamlets, rude and rough enough, to be sure, both in metre and matter, but sufficiently expressive still to keep the inhuman tragedy alive in the minds of the people, and to enable them to point out to each succeeding generation where the thirty-two Irishmen were shot to death for the pure love of their native soil. Many of those successive generations still bear into time the same names as the immolated patriots.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YEOMANRY LEGISLATION—CONTINUED.

It was usual with the counties surrounding Wicklow to send their cattle and sheep to graze on the rich verdure of the mountains of that district. The yeomanry often killed and ate them as the whim seized them, and even the insurgents, when hard pressed, did not scruple to treat themselves to a meal of beef or mutton when nothing else offered. However, those forays upon private property were not so very frequent as to prevent the owners from still sending their stock to the hills, and running the risk of any untoward accident.

Two farmers from Carlow, who made the usual venture with a lot of sheep, were on their way to Wicklow to look after their property, when they were met near Hacketstown by a band of yeomen, who, as usual, immediately arrested them on chance, and brought them before Lieutenant B——, Eagle Hill, county Carlow. Upon being examined, the men gave their names and residences, and those of their respective landlords, their business, and the purpose of their journey. All this appeared straight and fair enough, and the farmers expected an immediate release. However, the lieutenant, wishing to interrogate them more closely at the instance of their captors, was obliged to remand them until evening, as he was bound in hot haste for Clonmore, where he had received information of the concealment of some fugitive rebels. Accordingly, giving the men in charge to a yeoman named Ned Valentine, a brother of Rowley's, he departed on his hurried misson.

The same yeoman, with another named Jackson, and on the same day, were met near Rassahahen by Mr. Henry Evebank and Mr. Goodwin. They made a prisoner of a boy about twelve years old: the child had a bag on his back, containing a few loaves of coarse brown bread. The gentlemen, knowing the ferocity of the yeos, and distrusting their savage cruelty, immediately interfered, demanding to know where they were conducting the boy, and of what crime was he guilty.

"He is a damned young rebel," said Valentine; "and he was bringing provisions to the insurgents on the hills."

The boy cried out piteously that he was going to the bog at Aughavanagh, where his father had some men employed cutting turf.

"Valentine," said Mr. Goodwin, "let the child go on his way; you know who he is and where he is to be found if necessary."

"We will bring him to the bog," replied the yeoman sulkily, "and see whether his statement is true or not."

The gentlemen rode on, and the yeomen went on their way with the child in safe custody.

But to return to the opening subject of this chapter, in which the farmers of Carlow were concerned.

It appears that when Lieutenant B. returned from Clonmore, he sent for Valentine, and told him to bring up the men whom he had in charge.

"What men?" asked that worthy insolently.

"The farmers from the county Carlow."

"Oh! they were two damned rebels."

"Bring them here, sirrah! That is for me to determine."

"That is easier said than done."

"Valentine, you villain! where are your two prisoners?" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"In the bog below."

The officer, in a violent fit of rage, drew his sword and made a thrust at the exemplary yeoman; but that alert individual actively eluding the dangerous weapon, made his escape before the thrust could be repeated.

The next morning found the mortal remains of the two Carlow peasants lying by the side of a bog-hole, and almost hacked to pieces with sword and bayonet wounds.

And the next morning found the body of the little boy, stark-stiff and dead, by the hill-side, with a bullet in his brain, his innocent blood deluging the green grass, and the bag of brown bread lying upon his lifeless corpse.

At Carnew, about the same time (says Hay), after burnings, whippings, and tormentings, on Friday, 25th May, the yeos and the Antrim Militia shot twenty-eight prisoners in a ball-alley, some of them on mere suspicion, their officers sanctioning the bloody deed by their presence. On Sunday, the 28th May, the town of Enniscorthy was defended at all points against rebel aggression by the North Cork Militia, under Captain Snow, Captain Cornock, and Captain Pounden. There were supernumeraries as well as the Enniscorthy Cavalry, commanded by Captain Richards. Numbers of the people fled in from the country to the town, some offering their assistance to the garrison, and some seeking but mere shelter from the coming storm.

Many of the Catholics amongst those fugitives were imprisoned in the castle, whilst a few were permitted to join the troops on the score of high respectability and property.

Crossing the Slaney by the bridge of Scarawalsh, the victorious insurgents, after the battle of Oulart, poured down from the hill of Balioril upon the yeomen infantry posted at the Duffrey-gate, the pikemen charging the Enniscorthy Cavalry, and the gunsmen blazing away from behind the ditches as fast as they could prime and load. The suburbs were soon set fire to, which favoured the assailants, allowing them to assemble in force and make a

simultaneous attack upon the garrison, which they did, and with such undaunted intrepidity, that the yeos cowered before them, and their drums beat a retreat. This, however the North Cork swore was premature, and was only done by the treachery of their own drummer, who had been ordered to beat a charge. They fled, however, ran for their lives, but not before they repaired to the castle, with the valorous intent of murdering all the people there confined. Fortunately for the prisoners, their jailer had already absconded, carrying with him the key of the gate, and was at the moment on the highway to Wexford. The yeos followed the example; the men flinging away their fire-arms, and the officers tearing their epaulettes from their shoulders, with the view of rendering themselvess less odious to the enemy.

One little party of the North Cork, however, still clung together, even in flight—a gentle brotherhood, thirsting for bloodshed, and exasperated at the idea of being obliged to forego what they looked upon as a certain holocaust. As fate would have it, they overtook, a short way from the town, the luckless drummer who was accused of beating the retreat, and who was ordered to be arrested on the spot, but had escaped in the confusion. Again he eluded his pursuers, although almost within their grasp, and made his way across the fields, hotly followed by the yeos, whose yells and execrations smote his heart with terror as he hurried along.

The house of the Rev. Mr. Handcock was the first that met his view, and although he was a Protestant clergyman, there was no choice. In he sprang, piteously imploring protection. Mrs. Handcock heard his appeal with a woman's kindly feeling, and urged him to fly up stairs, and conceal himself as he best could. No sooner said than done; and the poor drummer, the next instant, was buried deep in the state bed of the mansion. He was scarcely covered up in his hiding-place, when the bloodhounds were at hand. Mrs. Handcock thought to arrest their progress through her house; but they saw their victim enter, and marked the mud-stains on the stairs. So dashing her aside without ceremony, and stepping over her prostrate form as she fell, with the yell of fiends, they sought their prey, and with the keenness of long custom, instantly discovered it.

The lady recovered her feet, and just reached the bed-room in time to see a dozen bayonets plunged into the body of the wretched fugitive, and the blood crimsoning, in torrents,

the white coverlet and curtains. Sickened and fainting, she tottered down stairs towards the hall, in search of the open door and cool air; for she felt suffocating with terror and wild nervous excitement. As she stepped into the lawn, something huge and heavy fell, with a dreadful leaden sound, at her feet. It was the mangled body of the murdered drummer, which the yeomen flung from the high windows above her.*

Back again the poor lady rushed from this new horror, whilst the gallant soldiers, following up their pastime, soon seized the senseless corpse once more, and hung it up within the corridor. Satisfied to some extent, they now lost no time in joining their flying comrades, and making their way with all expedition to the town of Wexford.

The Rev. Mr. Handcock, who was from home at the time of this occurrence, now returned. He had been seeking a conveyance to take his wife and family from the vicinity of Enniscorthy, which was in full possession of the insurgents.

Excessively alarmed at the account he received, they all set off at once together, accompanying a troop of flying soldiers which they met on their way. All were bound for Wexford, and a motley group they were—men, women, children, gentle and simple, on foot, on horseback—torn, scorched, half-attired—fine ladies and beggars, gentry and peasantry, all jumbled together, and pressing forward for dear life, with all the energy they were capable of. At this crisis, a man was seen approaching at a distance, and as the turn of the road brought the red-coats to his view, he flung a pike which he held in his hand over the ditch beside him. The act was seen, and the yeomen, horse and foot, were immediately upon him. They thought to shoot him down instantly, but Mr. Handcock sprang from his car and interposed, insisting that they should bring the man into Wexford, and have him tried for any offence that they might accuse him of.

"What is my crime?" demanded the culprit boldly.

"The pike you flung over the ditch, yonder."

"First see is there any such thing in it," retorted the accused.

* When the insurgents found the suspended body of the dead drummer, they were so exasperated that they slew fourteen at one charge upon the North Cork.

"Just so," interposed the clergyman; "come along."

And they went along, and they found the weapon.

Now nothing could restrain their fury—the hapless man flew behind the minister, and then behind his lady, the yeomen levelling their muskets at him, and endangering his protectors, who again and again entreated them to spare him. The crime was of too appalling a description to be wiped away with anything less than the blood of the offender. Therefore, all interposition was at last savagely set aside, the man thrust out on the open road, and shot down like a dog. He rolled into the ditch, gasping in fearful convulsions of agony, and writhing and twisting in the pangs of death. Some of the cavalry then rode forward, and spurred their horses upon his mangled body, until the crunching of his skull and bones was so hideously audible, that the lady declared she heard it, day and night for years after, whenever she found herself alone. Mr. and Mrs. Handcock soon returned again, safely, to the rectory, and young Daniel O'Brien, whom we saw, some chapters back, tempted with a purse of gold in Mrs. Airly's drawing room, visited the worthy pair, was shown the bed, still stained with blood, where the poor drummer met his fate, and asked whether he would have any objection to sleep in it during his stay.

"No, no," replied the gallant youth, "none whatever. I will sleep in it, and pray every night for the repose of his soul."

The clergyman smiled.

But O'Brien *did* sleep in the blood-stained bed, and never forgot his promised intercession to the Lord for the eternal rest of the dead and gone.

CHAPTER XIX.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

THE English Government began to be thoroughly exasperated at the pertinacity with which their exterminating edicts were resisted by the mere Irish. Wicklow, Wexford, and Carlow came most particularly under its displeasure, and, accordingly, troops of the line without stint were

poured into all these contumacious districts. This accession of men, who were less likely to shirk their duty or flee any danger, however threatening, gave great *heart* to the yeos. Indeed, now, those bastard *Militaires* began to wax exceedingly valiant.

Wicklow every day was becoming too hot for Dwyer and his men. Skirmishes between them and the military became more frequent and more important; and, to render the position of those brave insurgents still more critical, the enemy commenced forming a *cordon* of military stations round every suspected locality. They were determined to bring the rebels to bay, and to extirpate them, if possible, at one swoop. Dwyer, on the other hand, grew more and more defiant in the face of every threat, and vowed that for every act of atrocity perpetrated upon him or his men, he would take such a signal vengeance as would make every yeo of them all repent that they ever ventured to hunt down Irish rebels. The spirit of the man rose with the emergency, and his threats were never idle sounds. At this time the military had established a new station outside the town of Baltinglass. This station completed a circle which embraced a large tract of the country all round; and Dwyer was anxious to examine it personally, and judge how far it might prove an obstacle to his plans. For this purpose he set out for the station, bringing with him only one armed follower. They followed the *Shrugghaun* road, and, as it happened to be a fair day in Baltinglass, met numbers of the people on their way. Nobody heeded or recognized them, and they travelled along until they came within a few hundred yards of the encampment. Placing his companion at an angle of the road where they could keep each other in view, the captain proceeded boldly almost up to the very vedettes of the enemy, calculated their strength, marked their several positions, satisfied himself of their vulnerable points, and altogether made a very satisfactory reconnoisance indeed, when he turned to retrace his steps to the mountains. Musing and planning, he walked pretty briskly, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile from the enemy's lines, when he met two men coming towards him, accompanied by two young women. At a glance Dwyer recognized them as two brothers named Magennis, and yeomen, to boot, although now clothed in civilian costume. He tried to avoid them, and kept to the other side of the road,

but all in vain. They not only eyed him scrutinizingly as he passed, but turned round also, to make more certain. In the act, both parties stood confessed; so Dwyer instantly retraced his steps, and coming up to the party, asked the Magennises did they know him.

"Ay, do we, well, Dwyer!"

"That is rather unfortunate," was the rejoinder.

"Yes, for you, but not for us."

"That is as it may turn out," replied Dwyer.

The girls laughed, and the men walked briskly on. But the Wicklow chief was not to be trifled with after that fashion; and so he called out—"Stop! young men; you and I cannot separate on such easy terms as ye seem to imagine." The Magennises pulled up, and the women stood aside as the parties confronted each other.

"Ye are going back to Baltinglass, my boys."

"We are, of course; where else should we go?"

"And to betray me to the garrison?" No answer.

"I will not permit that, you know," said Dwyer firmly.

"Permit? We do not ask your permission."

"Come now, lads, this will not do. I am well aware if the alarm was now given I could not escape, as horse and foot surround this place on every side, and my place of refuge is very far away. Come; will ye swear not to say ye saw me?"

"We will not," replied one of the brothers.

"Will ye return a few miles of the road back with me?"

"No," said the other brother peremptorily.

"Then ye are determined to give the alarm, and betray me?" No answer.

"See here, my fine fellows, I am not a man to be trifled with. My life is in your hands, and ye seem inclined to sacrifice it. Ye will neither lead nor drive, and there is not much time to spare in such a neighbourhood as this. So, once for all, will ye swear to be silent? Yes or no?"—"No."

"Are ye ever resolved to betray me?" No answer.

"Why, curse ye! ye scoundrels!" cried the insurgent in a rage; "do ye think I will allow ye to fool my life away? Come back here at once, or by —— I'll shoot ye like dogs!"

One brother sprang up on the road-side ditch, but had not time to get clear of it, when Dwyer drew a brace of pistols from his breast and shot him through the neck. The other brother fled straight on, but was overtaken by a second ball,

which struck him in the spine of the back, and both men fell dead upon the earth. The girls screamed violently, and flew towards the town for safety and for succour; and Dwyer and his man, seeing that everything now depended upon their utmost speed, set off at a furious rate, for they had six long miles to run before they could reach a secret cave near the hills, which had often stood their friend in greater emergencies even than the present.

Before an hour passed away, horse, foot, and artillery poured out most plentifully from the little town, and despatches were sent off in all directions. Drums beat, trumpets sounded, chargers neighed, and warriors clanked their swords, and loaded the carbines at their saddle-bows. They called a halt when they came to the two lifeless bodies of the Magennises, and made several very important observations, embodying their own private opinions on the nature of the event. All agreed that it was an unaccountable instance of human audacity, how any man could have been found within the island with so much hardihood as to dare to commit such an act, almost under their noses. However, so it was, and more than that, the perpetrator of the deed was, at the very moment they were thus employed, concocting a plan within his fertile brain for the utter destruction of them and theirs, and entertained very sanguine hopes, too, of being able to carry his design into execution, and that at no very distant period of time. As to the fate of the Magennises, he felt no compunction whatsoever, looking upon it as a case of justifiable homicide. They were warned of their fate; they braved and provoked it; and had Dwyer permitted them to return to head-quarters, his own head would have garnished a pike in some conspicuous part of Baltinglass ere night fell.

CHAPTER XX.

"THE COMBAT DEEPENS."

In approaching this Chapter (which will treat of Dwyer's hair-breadth escape at Bernamuck and also of the beginning of a resolute determination on the part of the English government to exterminate the Wicklow insurgents and

their gallant leader at any cost, as well as the introduction of the military, properly so called—the soldiers of the line—into the stirring scene, I will confine myself entirely to bare narrative, taken almost *verbatim* from Mr. Daniel O'Brien, as related to him by Michael Dwyer, published by Mr. M'Donnell in the pages of the well-known Irish periodical, *The Celt.*

With the events of this chapter both historians and poets have been very busy. Gerald Griffin has made them the subject of one of his tales called "Antrim Jack." Dr. Madden has given a historical sketch; and two writers in the *Nation* newspaper have tuned them to the lyre.

"During the period that Dwyer was out, he had many wonderful escapes; but the most miraculous took place at Bernamuck, in the Glen of Imale, on a Friday night at the close of the winter of '98. He and nine of his men, being fatigued and nearly exhausted with incessant watching, and oppressed by the intense cold of the day, stopped at night in Bernamuck, in order to take some rest. They were divided into two parties, and lodged in two houses at some short distance from each other; six men—namely, Wat M'Donnel, Darby Dunne, John Ashe, Martin Hoar, Hugh Byrne (afterwards an informer), and a sixth, who went by the name of the 'Little Dragoon,' remained in one house; and Captain Dwyer, Samuel M'Allister, John Savage, and Pat Costello, took up their residence in the other. They all retired to rest early in the night, and had not long done so when the informer, who is said to have been a man of the name of Connell, hastened direct to Hacketstown, and gave information to the army about the party. A large number of the Glengarry Fencibles, under the command of Colonel Macdonald, Captain Roderick Macdonald, Captain Beaten, and Lieutenant James, hastened to Bernamuck, and suffered very severely on their march thither, as the night was one of the most severe that had been known for many years in this country. The soldiers were drenched with snow, not even their ammunition could be kept dry. They reached the place at the dawn of day, and proceeded to the house in which the six men were, knocked at the door, and summoned the inmates to surrender. The men immediately seized their arms, advanced to a small window, and got a view of the Highlanders. Wat M'Donnel primed his blunderbuss, and encouraged them all to fire out on the soldiers; but they

refused, saying 'that whatever chance they had, it was by giving up their arms quietly,' which they shortly did. Captain Dwyer and his other three men knew nothing of the presence of their enemies all this time; but he was shortly apprised of it by a very loud knocking at the door of the house in which he lay asleep. He and his men jumped up and found the house surrounded. They were then ordered to give up, or else the house would be instantly set fire to. Dwyer cried out 'to spare the people's property,' as he had taken forcible possession of the house. Shortly after this the firing commenced. Corporal Dougal Cameron fired into the window, and broke M'Allister's arm with the ball; John Savage immediately took aim, and shot Cameron through the heart. They continued to resist until all their ammunition was nearly expended, and the fire had reached the roof of the room in which they were, and the heat from it was so excessive that some tubs of butter which were in it melted into oil, and flowed on the ground. At length M'Allister, turning to Dwyer, said, 'Captain, dear, you see that I am rendered useless, and can fight no longer, as my arm is shattered; and I would wish to prove, even in death, my sincere affection to you. I think it best to have us open the door, and on the instant Savage and I will present ourselves at it, when we are sure to receive the volley of the Highlanders and fall; but you might perchance escape by rushing out through the midst of them, and being concealed by the smoke and falling snow, be able to gain the glen in safety.' As Dwyer saw no alternative but to be buried alive or submit to the enemy, he agreed to the proposal of M'Allister; and having tenderly embraced each other, M'Allister and Savage advanced to the door, dashed it open, and ran out. They were instantly shot down, and in the twinkling of an eye Dwyer bounded out through the midst of the soldiers, leaped a small fence that surrounded the farmyard, and ran along by the door of the barn; but in passing a small stream that was frozen, which ran by the end of the cabbage-garden, his foot slipped on the ice, and he fell flat on his face. To this fall he most miraculously owed the preservation of his life and his final escape; for he had scarcely reached the ground, when a score of balls, fired by the Highlanders at him, passed harmlessly over his head, which, had he been on his legs, would have most certainly perforated his body. He was soon up again, and took to

his heels and ran like a deer, closely pursued for some time by a powerful young Highlander. Dwyer found himself much exhausted, and feared this man might outstrip and seize him; so he stopped suddenly, stepped aside, and tripped up the Highlander; and by this small advantage Dwyer got rid of him, for by the time he had regained his feet, Dwyer was a considerable distance in advance, and never lost his pace till he reached the Slaney, which he crossed without much difficulty, as he was nearly naked on leaving Bernamuck, and soon after gained a place of safety. The soldiers pursued him as far as the river, but there lost all traces of him, and were obliged to return home unsuccessful."

Dwyer always spoke with the deepest feeling of the gallant M'Allister. He was always his most trusted and faithful follower, and his death was worthy of the fame of the brightest knight of romance. Nay, he was true beyond the grave; for his well-beloved captain avowed over and over that M'Allister's spirit often afterwards appeared to him in sleep, and always to warn him of some impending danger.

"To return to the prisoners. Five of them having been tightly handcuffed, were about being led away, when one of them said, 'There is no use in leaving Hugh Byrne after us' (who had previously secreted himself in the chimney). The officer demanded where he was, and was told the place. He sent three or four soldiers, who found him there, dragged him down, and brought him off with the rest to Hacketstown. Here they were detained for one night. On the next day official communications reached Colonel Macdonald from some of the leading magistrates in and about Baltinglass, directing him to have these men, five of whom were from that town, sent there, in order that they might be put to death before their parents and friends. A court-martial was held on them, and they were condemned to be shot. Next day they were marched up to the sand-pit now called 'Gallow's-hill,' and there shot. Their bodies were given to their friends, who interred them all in one large grave in Kilrelagh churchyard. Owing to some information that Hugh Byrne offered to give, concerning the murder of Dr. Armstrong, regimental surgeon to one of the cavalry regiments whose head-quarters lay at Baltinglass, he was detained in Hacketstown, and had his life guaranteed him.

Immediately after the death of his five associates, Byrne

was taken to Baltinglass, and accused a blameless young man named Case of having cruelly murdered Dr. Armstrong, the particulars of which I will now give, according to Byrne's information. This gentleman was very fond of shooting, and went on the day of his murder to shoot snipe over Mr. Greene's bog, at Greenville, where he fell in with Valentine Case, who acted as caretaker. Case told the Doctor that he knew a part of the bog higher up the river on which he was sure to meet abundance of game, and induced him to go there. When they came to a lonesome place, Case and one or two accomplices attacked the Doctor and soon overpowered him, and pulled him into the river that ran through the bog, and held his head under the water till life was extinct. They then robbed him of his gun and whatever money he had, and carried the body to a barn belonging to Mr. Greene (as the family were from home), there stripped it, and thrust it into a heap of threshed oats. During the night Case became apprehensive lest the corpse might be discovered in the barn; he went and had it conveyed to a place called New Inn, about three miles distant from the scene of the murder, and there left it exposed on the high road.

"It was a fact well known through the country that an enmity existed between Byrne and Case, caused by false insinuations, made to Byrne by some ill-minded wretch, that an improper intimacy had existed between Byrne's wife and Case in the absence of Byrne during the insurrection. Mrs. Byrne was known to be a virtuous woman, and lived in the house with her parents in the absence of her husband; and it seems there had not been the least cause for those suspicions. On the other hand, if Case were a man of loose morals or improper conduct, he would not be employed and retained so long in Mr. Greene's employment, who was remarkable for being most discriminating in the choice of his servants. It would appear also that Byrne himself must have been the real murderer of Dr. Armstrong, as he was able to detail so minutely all the circumstances of it; and indeed this was, and has always been, the opinion entertained by all the inhabitants of that part of the County Wicklow; and his own sister offered to prove that he, and not Case, was the guilty party; but her testimony would not be received. Case knew perfectly well that Byrne had been detained in Hacketstown when the five men were sent to Baltinglass to be shot, and consequently that he must be

about to give some information, otherwise he would have suffered with the rest; then, if Case were guilty of this dreadful crime, it's natural to suppose that he would have absconded. But what was the fact? He remained attending to his master's business until the day of his arrest. On that day some dragoons called at Greenville house, and inquired for Case; they were told where to find him. He had gone out on the side of the mountain, with two or three small dogs, to hunt for rabbits. When he saw the dragoons riding up towards him he instantly walked up to them, and was asked by some of them what his name was. He said 'Valentine Case.' Upon this they shouted vociferously, and waved their caps, and three of them dismounted and seized him, then tied him behind one of the dragoons, and carried him away to Baltinglass. This happened on a Saturday. The next day being Sunday, Byrne was supplied with a hatchet and other implements, and Case was led up to the chapel-yard, during the celebration of mass, guarded by a large body of soldiers, and a gallows was erected there; Byrne, who acted as executioner, adjusted the rope about Case's neck.

"Case was half hanged and then taken down; Byrne was then directed to complete the business, and it was at last seen for what purpose he had brought the hatchet. Some of the soldiers cried out to Byrne that 'he was the boy who would brand him,' and from that time he was known by the soubriquet of Hughy the Brander; so dextrous was he in the use of the hatchet that the head was taken off before life was extinct. A respectable inhabitant of Baltinglass affirmed that he saw the mouth open and shut after the body was decapitated. Some of the soldiers then kicked the head down from Chapel-hill to the market-place, whilst others of them caught the body by the heels and dragged it most barbarously along the ground, so that its blood marked the entire way: this inhumanity was perpetrated in the presence of persons of every creed, as they were coming at the time from divine service. The head was then dipped in a pot of boiling pitch, and stuck up on the top of the market-house, where it remained for years.

"About a fortnight after the death of Case, Michael Lalor, father-in-law to the Brander, James Hayden, and Peter Whelan, lost their lives in consequence of some remarks they passed about Case. The three were shot on

the same night by an armed party unknown. A party of fourteen or fifteen men called at a respectable house in Tarbertstown, on the same night that these men were shot, and demanded some refreshment. The only members of the family at home were the eldest daughter and her youngest brother, who was in bed when they came. But in the absence of the rest of the family, a Protestant young lady of the village used to sleep with the young woman of the house at the latter's invitation, and she was there also this night. The men were cheerfully supplied with whatever food was to be had, and, after partaking of it, they departed. The young lady returned home as usual the next day, and related the affair of the night to her friends. Her brother a yeoman in Mr. Hume's corps, went immediately and gave information of this fact. Captain W. H. Hume and three of his yeomen repaired to this house, and inquired whether or not she knew any of the party who had been there on the previous night. She answered 'that she did not.' When the affair was reported at head-quarters, a strong body of dragoons came to Tarbertstown and took the young woman a prisoner to Baltinglass; she was detained in confinement for some weeks, and was frequently examined by the magistrates touching her knowledge of Dwyer or this party. On one of these occasions, an able attorney was appointed to cross-examine her, who did not behave very courteously; and at length his insolence elicited the following remarks: —'I won't answer you,' said she; 'but I will answer a gentleman. Let Captain Stratford interrogate me, and I am ready to reply to him; but since you have forced me to it, I can tell *you* that *you* and your fellow-yeomen were the persons who broke open my mother's cupboard about a year ago, and carried off a considerable sum of money out of it, after gorging yourselves with the food and drink that the house contained.' Upon this, Captain Stratford said 'that the lady must be liberated, as there was no charge against her;' she was accordingly allowed to return home, which she did amidst the acclamations of the people of the neighbouring district.

"To return to Dwyer. After the escape at Bernamuck he remained in such seclusion for a considerable length of time that most persons thought he had made his escape to France or America. In the summer of '99 a number of patriotic young women of the neighbourhood of Kilranelagh,

the principal of whom were Mary Dwyer, sister of Captain Dwyer, and Margaret O'Brien, entered into a subscription, in order to have the bodies of the insurgents who were killed in battle or shot by the yeomanry collected and interred in one grave. They succeeded in recovering eight bodies, which they caused to be brought to Kilranelagh churchyard, and there buried with Dwyer's men who were taken in Bernamuck. Mary Dwyer and Anastatia Devlin, niece to Dwyer and servant to Robert Emmet, accompanied by three other young women and two boys, went at dead of night to the old churchyard of Leitrim to disinter the bodies of Samuel M'Allister (the bosom friend of Captain Dwyer) and Pat Costello. They brought a car and coffins, but were not a little puzzled where to find the exact spot, when Captain Dwyer, suddenly presenting himself, pointed out to them the place, and having reprimanded them for bringing the boys with them, 'for,' says he, 'they may be shot if seen,' he then disappeared. One of the boys got down into the grave, but found himself unable to lift the body. Mary Dwyer instantly jumped in and assisted in raising it; and laying it on the ground, she cried out, 'That's Sam's body,' for she knew it at once. The other corpse was also taken up, and both put into coffins and carried away. The young women had purchased and most tastefully decorated thirteen garlands and about three hundred rods, which they distributed amongst as many of the people; and when they came within two miles of Kilranelagh with the corpses, they were met by thirteen other young women, each bearing a garland, and a vast number of the peasantry, three hundred of whom bore the rods; and in this manner they preceded the bodies up to the churchyard, in which they were laid by the side of their companions, and a garland hung over the head of each 'rebel,' and the rods were placed around the graves.

"About this time a gang of unprincipled ruffians were in the habit of going about the country at night and robbing, under the name of Dwyer; and no one thing that happened to him gave him so much concern and annoyance as this sort of conduct; for whatever faults he may have had, he was void of any tendency, even in the remotest degree, to dishonesty. Several of these robbers he pursued through the mountain fastnesses, and, as it is said, shot; others of them he fettered and sent into Humewood, in order to have them tried and convicted; but on the day of trial, as the chief

prosecutor, which was himself, was unwilling to trust himself to the tender mercies of the yeomen, and did not therefore appear, they were discharged. He heard that some of the same gang intended to rob the house of a respectable farmer near Tinnihaly, and he determined, if possible, to prevent it, and at the same time to punish the robbers. For this purpose he proceeded on the day appointed to the house of this man, and arrived there late in the evening, and made himself known to him. After some time he opened to him the information he had obtained of the intended burglary. He then asked him what family he had in the house; to which the farmer answered, 'His wife, two grown young men, sons of his, and some small children and a couple of servants; and that the only stranger he had in the house was a woman who was travelling, and had not been able to go any farther that night, and to whom the mistress had given lodging'. Dwyer's suspicions were instantly excited, and he entertained an idea that this woman might be an accomplice of the party. He told the farmer he had a wish to see her, in order to have some conversation with her. The farmer said, 'that she was sitting at the kitchen fire telling stories to the children, when he had left there.'

"So they both went into the kitchen. Dwyer sat down by the fire, and began to interrogate the stranger, who seemed anxious, by her answers, to avoid his conversation as much as possible. A fiddle happened to be hanging over the fire-place, and Dwyer asked one of the boys to play him a tune, which he complied with cheerfully. After two or three tunes, Dwyer said that it had been now a long time since he had heard such good music; and as he was fond of a dance, that he would trespass on him to play up a jig, for, says he, 'I must try what metal this young woman in the corner is made of, as she seems to be very active, and of light foot.' The boy played up a smart jig. Dwyer asked the woman then to have a step. She very coyly refused. He said, 'By dad, you must take one step, at any rate,' and finally forced her out. In the course of the dance he capered and whirled the woman around the floor, to the great amusement of the family; but in the height of the merriment he gave her a trip, and tumbled her on the floor, and then cried out, 'Down she tumbles again.' The family instantly jumped up to raise her, but he said, 'Pray, not so fast;' he then tore open her shawl and pulled out a case of pistols, and some utensils

necessary for opening locks. By this time all were convince of the intention of the pretended female, who turned out t be an athletic young man. Dwyer seized him, and said tha he would shoot him on the instant unless he gave a full and true account of his accomplices, and how they meant to act. The captive gave satisfactory information of the names of the party concerned, and told them that they were to come that night when the lights were extinguished in the house, when he was to arise and to open the door, and let them in on a preconcerted signal having been given. Dwyer then said to him, 'At your peril be it, if this turn out false, for I will without doubt shoot you.' They then pinioned and gagged him, and tied him to a bed-post in an inner room of the house. Soon after this, Dwyer prepared himself and the two boys and father, in order that they might give a warm reception to the expected visitors.

"The farmer wished to have the door firmly secured, but this Dwyer would not allow, as he said they were strong enough for them. He then latched the door and put out the light. In a short time after this a rap came to the door, and as it was not opened, they dashed it in, which was not difficult to do, as it was left nearly open. Dwyer had placed himself and the male part of the family directly opposite the entrance, and as soon as the robbers entered the passage, he and the rest fired at them; some of them fell in the hall, but were conveyed away by the rest. It has not been discovered how many of them were killed or wounded, but the blood was tracked beyond two miles from the house the next morning. Dwyer and the others were preparing to pursue them, when the mistress of the house flew to the door, and would not suffer her husband or sons to go out to be shot: on that account they were not pursued. Dwyer shortly after left for his old haunts, having first expressly charged the farmer to send for the cavalry to Tinnihaly, and resign to them the prisoner, which was soon after done. The tune that Dwyer danced to on that night has continued an especial favourite to the present day among the peasantry of Wicklow."

We will now conclude the chapter with the ballads written on some of those stirring incidents. The first is a romance on a commonplace event, and one of no unfrequent occurrence in '98—an attack on a young peasant girl by two yeomen. The actual fact took place in the Glen of Imale, in the beginning of Dwyer's outlawry. Returning to his

cave at the close of a summer's day, his attention was attracted by the screams of a woman, which apparently came from an old sand-quarry which bordered the beaten pathway. On reaching the spot, the first sight that met his view was a poor girl struggling with two soldiers. They had torn her clothes to ribbons, and brutally bruised and wounded her, but still she battled on resolutely; and although extremely slight, young, and weakly-looking, baffled up to that moment her savage assailants. They had just flung her down violently on the earth when her rescuer came up. One rascal he shot through the head, and the other fled precipitately for his life, and barely escaped a pistol bullet which whizzed by him as he turned an angle of the glen and escaped. In a month after, the poor girl was laid in her cold grave: she never recovered the terror and the attack. Great liberties truly have been taken by the bard in treating of this event.

ELLIE—A ROMANCE OF IMALE.

"*Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in my name, receiveth me.*"

Mark ch. ix., v. 36.

Welcome, welcome, lovely Laragh!
And thou grand glen of Imale!
And wild and weirdy Glendalough,
Whose melancholy vale
Looks like an open book of time,
With the grand old names of fame;
Or the gloomy spectral scenery
Of a poet's troubled dream—
And the great black, monk-like mountains
Folded up in awe and gloom;
As if they died erect in pride,
Too huge for a cell or tomb.
Welcome, welcome, to the solemn lakes,
And to the sainted bed,
Where holy Kevin gave to heaven
A heart all hallowed.

Within this grand vale, long ago,
A shepherd dwelt alone,
Poor in his garb, but high of heart
As emperor on his throne.

A fierce, an idol love had he,
Adored beyond what life could be;
It was the heart-born ecstasy
Of liberty—of liberty!
The little lore he learned lent fire
To this kindling keen desire—
And often to this lonely glen
Came fierce and fearless warrior men,
Whose tales and threats like lightnings flew
Into his heart of hearts anew,
Flapping the banner at his ear,
Bearing the glory golden spear,
Crying with breath of bravery
For liberty—for liberty!

One day a little gentle girl
  Strayed to this lonely place;
She was a silent thoughtful child,
  All full of light and grace.
Some heartless mother left her
  To perish in the wild;
But the God who loves young children
  Protected the poor child.—
Ah! eating the wild berries,
  And straying here and there,
The shepherd met the fair young fawn
  In the dewy evening air.
She held out her white hands to him,
  And looked into his face,
With the angel look of childhood,
  So full of holy grace.

The strong man gazed upon her
  With a father's loving pride,
So pure, so sweet, so innocent,
  So helpless by his side.
So gentle were her saint-like eyes,
  So heavenly and so mild,
He did not dare, with his dark hand,
  To touch the holy child;
But he guided her before him,
  Where the thorny way was free,
And he followed the track of her little foot
  With a still idolatry.
Ah! Ellie was an angel—
  Ellie, lily-pale—
If ever angel, heaven-led,
  Was lured to lone Imaal

This dreamer about freedom
  Had a something now to love
'Twas the eagle of the mountain
  Giving shelter to the dove.

And Ellie grew up beautiful
  In the valley of Imale,
That moon-like, quiet beauty
  Of the blue-eyed and the pale.
And the poor lone shepherd loved her,
  As a something bright and good
Sent from above, to fill the void
  Of his weary solitude.

For Ellie was an angel,
  As bright-souled and as pure
As the light that tips its rosy lips
  To the brow of Lugunure.
Soft as the golden flower
  Was the gloss of her sunny hair;
And her cheeks, with the tinge of the peerless peach,
  Were, as the white rose, fair.
Her breath was the Mayflower's odour,
  When warm rain falls on the tree;
And her voice was the musing of summer,
  When Nature 's adream on the lea.
And oft with a wistful thinking,
  When Memory stood at her ear,
She sang a sweet song, like the robin's
  At the late time of the year.

Ah! Ellie was an angel—
  The lily of Imael—
The little, lonely, gentle one,
  So beautiful and pale!

'Twas strange to see the strong fierce man
  So docile to her sway;
She had a fairy power to lull,
  To smooth his cares away.
She won his soul with purity,
  With wonder, and with awe;
'Twas like the dead unwieldly earth
  Obeying Nature's law.
But the old first-love of liberty
  Was fresh within him still,
And it met this magic father-love,
  As sister spirits will.

And the spirits twain lived in the glen—
The grand glen of Imael—
Like the children of its mysteries—
The grand glen of Imael!
To them the gloomy lakes were dear,
And the bright-mined Lugunure,
And Comaderry's vastful bulk
Grasping the valley floor.
And the tall brown tower, the signature
Of memory's earthly goal—
The blank remains of tombed fame—
A frame without a soul.

But oftenest by the sullen lake
Was wandering Ellie seen
Moving in silence, like the shade
Of legend-loved Kathleen.
The shepherd wove her a rushy chair,
To sit in the evening's glow,
And a garland for her golden hair
Of the timid flowers, so few and rare,
Nooked 'mid the silent mountains bare,
By lonely Anamoe.

And there it was, on one calm eve,
That a devil-soldier came,
And met the lily of Imale.
Like the fiend of a dark dream,
He crimsoned her with hellish stare,
He tore her tender bosom bare—
Ah! one so young, so pure, so fair,
Could ill brook looks so wild!
She shrieked till her little heart nigh broke;
The grand glen to the echoes spoke,
And then the pitying heavens awoke
A saviour for the child!
The shepherd heard her cries—he came,
As with the winds, a cloud of flame;
And there was *that* in his fierce eye
That *dared* the Sagum Dearg to fly.
The child lay at their feet—the men
Looked rapidly along the glen;
They were alone with the mountains high,
And the sulky lake, and the moody sky,
And the poor child moaning on the ground
Else there was never a stir or sound.

Oh! but it was a fearful strife—
That blood-red rage of life or life!
And nightfall fell, as yell with yell
Mingled in echo-strife as well;
Whilst the poor helpless infant lay
Moaning away—moaning away.
At length the Saxon drooped his head
On his rift chest—and he was dead.
Upon that melancholy night
Ellie's hurted brain
The silky reins of reason lost,
And, like a weak bird storm-tost,
The beauteous child gave up the ghost,
And never moved again.

* * * * * *

Out broke the days of "ninety-eight,"
The ruthless days of ire;
The warrior man shook off his griefs,
Like sparks of burning fire;
He had no heart for human thing,
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.
He met the Saxon soldier
As furnace may meet flax,
And clove his heart, with burning ball
And with the glittering axe.
And none dared stem his vengeance
When the thirsty steel was bare,
For his grief had outflown mercy
On its wild way to despair.
He had no heart for human thing;
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.
They dogged him with black treachery
The live-long day and night—
They offered for his gory head
Five hundred pieces bright;
And like the white wolves hunted him
From rocky hold to hold;
The coward pack hung on his track,
Poisoning the way with gold.
But rare staunch hearts rose round him,
With the old land's spirit-cry;
And the night-stars saw the outlaw
Girt with Erin's chivalry.

They dogged him with black treachery;
But, spite of all their might,
His spirit-cry spread terror on
The wild wings of the night.
He felled the foeman in his wrath,
The traitor in his sin,
And dragged him to the hungry lake,
And plunged the Judas in.
Ah! he had no heart for human thing,
For it was buried deep
Under a tree, Ellie, Ellie!
With your cold corpse asleep.

* * * * *

At length, a calm stole on his soul,
And his vow of vengeance slept—
The silent vow he deeply made
When over the dead he wept.
The light of grace broke in on him,
Like sunlight into gloom;
His vengeance-vow he left with Him
Who sees beyond the tomb.

He planted flowers o'er Ellie's bed,
And there wept hours away,
'Twas a strange sight, through the day and night,
To see the strong man pray.
At last, he could no longer bear
The grief of that young grave,
And O'Dwyer—the Desperado—
Sailed on the Atlantic wave!

ANNE DEVLIN.

The following ballad may be fairly taken as an epitome of the life of this Irish heroine. Unfortunately, she was allowed to die in poverty. Nor did she seem aware that she had any claim upon her country. For a long time she lived in Thomas Street, Dublin, where she often entertained her auditors, as described in the ballad. Later still, she took up her residence in Harold's Cross, and earned a livelihood by washing. Had she made application to any nationalist, no doubt such a claim would be duly honoured; but heroic Anne wanted nothing for doing her duty; and she died, leaving Ireland her debtor. When her young master's tomb is inscribed, we hope that her humble grave shall not be forgotten.

I.

"Come, Anne," they cried (a group of men,
Of women, girls, and boys,
Taking their seats about her door
With anxious fuss and noise),
"Tell us a tale of 'ninety-eight'—
Of some brave Irish clan.
Tell us," cried one tall sturdy youth,
"Of Robert Emmet, Anne."

II.

"Are we to have the yeos again?"
Said old Anne, reddening up;
Her heart was beating, as she asked,
And sat amid the group.
"Are we to have the yeos again?
Another spawn from hell!
I saw them last in '98—
I know the cowards well."
"A yeoman," said the sturdy youth;
"Was he an Irishman?"
"Yes; with an Orange-English heart—
A stag! a slave!" cried Anne.

III.

"Of Master Robert you would hear?
And of poor old Anne, too?
God bless ye!—it will ease my heart
And what I'll tell is true.
I would not tell a lie of him—
The poor, young, pure-souled man;
Nor of myself—though weak and old."
"We know you would not, Anne."

IV.

"Well, the day they came ahunting him—
Oh! long, long years ago—
I was a black-haired colleen then,
Though now I'm white as snow;
But the same heart is in my breast,
And the same love and loss,
As when they came ahunting him
That day, at Harold's Cross.
Some traitor-dog was in the camp,
Who let out all their plan."
"Who was he?" cried a swarthy smith—
"Who was that traitor, Anne?"

V.

"No matter now, he 's not alive—
Leave him to God, aroon;

A heavy debt lies at his door—
We won't forget it soon.
They came—the bloody yeomen came!—
And sacked the rooms and doors,
And every box and press they burst—
They tore the very floors.
'The bird is flown! Where is he, jade?
Where has the rebel ran?'"
"How did you answer the red rogues?
How could you face them, Anne?"

VI.

"I'll tell ye; never a word at all
I said. Some drew their swords,
Some screwed their shining bayonets on—
The yeos that fought the boards!
'Speak!' and they stabbed my shoulders through!
'Speak!' and they pierced my neck!
I was all wet with my own blood;
But no, I would not speak!"
"Why, blast the scoundrels!" swore the smith,
"They were all a hellish clan,
To bayonet a poor helpless girl!"
"That was not all," said Anne.

VII.

"They swore they'd hang me from a car
That stood up in the yard;
They put the rope about my neck,
And tugged it tight and hard.
I prayed to the great God of heaven—
I knew my hour was nigh;
And the next moment, sure enough,
I swung up in the sky!
I hung there a few moments long,
To their great joy and mirth;
And then they loosed the rope—I fell
Down senseless to the earth!"
"Ha!" gasped the sturdy Irish youth
Who asked what a yeoman was.
"Oh!" groan'd the horror-stricken smith,
"Such men! such times! such laws!"
"Oh! if I had a hundred lives,"
A weeping stripling cried,
"I'd risk them all to face the yeos,
And stand by poor Anne's side!"
"But, boys, agrah, that wasn't all."
"What! More?" they all roared out.
"Och! yes; they thought, the devil's brood!
They'd try another bout·

VIII.

So then a sleek old ruffian came,
A real limb of sin—
'The man we seek is nought to you
In name, or kith, or kin;
So, give him up—five hundred pounds
I'll give you for a trace
Of where he fled—I'd give the sum
To spit into his face!'
'No, no! I said, your guns, and bribes,
And ropes will not avail;
I'll never tell.' 'Then, off with her,
And let her rot in jail!'
They shed my blood, they offered gold,
Tried every threat and plan."
"Ah! Ireland never would be sold
By you or yours, brave Anne!"

IX.

"I saw the master once again:
They brought me from the jail,
To see him die a martyr's death—
To make my spirit quail.
* * * *
I saw them lift his dripping head
Up high, with villain hand!
* * * *
I never flinched, I gulped my grief,
Though I could scarcely stand!—
My darling's face was white with death,
Whilst from his neck the blood
Flowed freely; but I held my breath,
To spite the devil brood.
I could not look again—oh no!
I could not trust my eye—
My heart was bursting—I must weep,
Or cry aloud, or die.
I cried aloud—I cursed aloud
The yeomen and their king!
I could not help it—I was mad,
With all my suffering!
They dragged me to the jail again,
And flung me in a cell;
It soon would be my grave, I knew;
They knew the same, too well;
But here a good poor English soul,
The jailer's English bride,
Pitied the lone young Irish girl
Who was so sorely tried;

God bless her now! where'er she is—
Where'er she stays or goes;
'Twas Irish traitors cursed this land
Much more than English foes!
And so it is this very day,
The mongrel Irishman
Is the worst enemy of all—
The *stag* of *stags*," cried Anne.

Nation, April, 1855. J. T. C.

Poor Anne Devlin lived and died in misery and poverty. A sum of about £10 was subscribed for her (says Dr. Madden) after her liberation from prison, and a further small sum through an application made in the *Nation* newspaper of September, 1851. The worthy Doctor was the author of that application, as well as the contribution afterwards from time to time, from his own private purse, to the alleviation of the wants of our poor sufferer and heroine. That humane gentleman did more. Upon finding, at last, that Anne Devlin was no more, and that she had found a pauper's grave in the cemetery of Glasnevin, with a few friends, he discovered her place of sepulture, and the usual fees being kindly remitted, and leave given for the purpose, a monument was raised over her remains near the spot where those of O'Connell repose. On the stone is figured an Irish wolf-dog crouching on a bed of shamrocks, beneath which is the following inscription:

"To the Memory of ANNE DEVLIN (CAMPBELL),
The faithful servant of Robert Emmet,
Who possessed some rare and noble qualities, who lived
in obscurity and poverty,
And so died, the 18th September, 1851,
Aged 70 years."

Doctor Madden deserves the hearty thanks of the Irish nation for his act of thankfulness, humanity, and national feeling.

The late lamented Dr. Robert Cane gives the following history of Anne Devlin, in the *Weekly Celt* of November, 1857:—

"ANNE DEVLIN—A REMINISCENCE OF 1803.

"'Man is great in daring, woman in suffering.' Never did aphorism speak more truly, and never was it better

illustrated than in the conduct of the humble peasant girl whose name heads this article.

"Anne Devlin was the daughter of a dairyman, and the niece of the celebrated outlaw whose name lives in the Wicklow mountains—Michael Dwyer. At the period of the Emmet insurgent movement of 1803, she was twenty-six years of age, and acted in the capacity of housekeeper and general servant to Robert Emmet at his residence in Butterfield lane.

"After the unfortunate night of the 23d of July, when Emmet an his companions were obliged to fly from Dublin, and to seek shelter in the Wicklow mountains, Anne remained in charge of the house. Upon the 25th the house was searched by a body of yeomen, headed by a magistrate, looking for the late resident, Mr. Ellis, the assumed name of Robert Emmet. Four of the yeomen took charge of Anne as their prisoner, while the body of them proceeded to search the concerns for her master. Failing in that object, they proceeded to question Anne about the gentleman with whom she lived. But all inquiries were fruitless; they could elicit nothing from a woman faithful to her trust and firm in her purpose.

"The threat of death, certain and immediate, if she did not reveal what she knew, failed to extract a single reply beyond the resolute declaration that she had nothing to tell —would tell nothing. Then it was that a brutal official directed his still more brutal followers to convey her to the yard, and there execute her, as one participating in the treason of her master, in refusing to reveal the secret they knew she held. With riotous shouting and an indecent savagery, men, disgracing man's form and nature, dragged this young and devoted female to the place appointed for her death. And while some of them hastened to erect a temporary gallows by elevating the shafts of a common car, and securing a rope to its back board—a process which she was compelled to witness by being kept erect, with her back close to the opposite wall, while the fiends kept their sharp bayonets pointed to her naked bosom, pressing them as it were with gentle touches against her tender skin, until the blood flowed freely down her person. But the heart within that breast was of no common nature,—it throbbed firmly, its pulses did not quail, it sickened not under the tortures inflicted, or the contemplation of the death preparing for

her. Fidelity and honour were a part of her very nature, and they nerved her to that stern firmness which will die ere it will betray—die nobly rather than live dishonoured—endure personal annihilation rather than bring that annihilation upon the object of its devotion.

"And ever as they pressed her to tell, they pierced her woman-skin with soldier-weapons, to torture the secret from her keeping; but still came the one firm answer—'I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing.' Then they pointed to the ready gallows there, with its noosed rope, pendulum-like, swinging from its top, and measuring the minutes of her life, and cried, 'Tell us where Mr. Ellis has gone to, or die.' Steady was her response—'You may murder me, but I will not tell you a word about him.' Then they hurried her forward; ready executioners affixed the rope upon her neck, while others seated themselves upon the car to steady it; and as she uttered a single cry—'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my soul'—she was raised aloft, her body swung heavily in the air, her eyes darkened, her senses failed, the world was disappearing, eternity opening; but it would not suit their purpose to murder her yet; other means should be tried to win her secret. The rope was lowered, her feet rested upon the ground, and the light of heaven once more shone upon her opening eyes, amid the yells and laughter of her heartless tormentors. When sufficiently recovered, she was sent into the city, and brought before the great manager of the torture and corruption of the day—Major Sirr. He had learned that torture had failed, and adopted a new mode of attack. With soft and soothing words he endeavoured to reason her out of her secret, and closed the persuasiveness of his argument by offering her £500—a fine fortune for a peasant girl—if she would only tell him where Mr. Ellis had gone. Soft words could not delude, gold could not corrupt the girl who had already confronted death sooner than betray her secret.

"Forty years after the sad period of her sufferings, when Dr. Madden* was eliciting from her these details, he said to her, in reference to the offer of £500, 'You took the money, of course?' and he adds in his Memoir—'The look the woman gave was one that would have made an admirable

* Dr. Madden, author of the *Lives of the United Irishmen*, a gentleman to whose untiring industry the people of Ireland stand deeply indebted for the preservation of vast biographical and historical information in relation to those troubled times.

subject for a painter—a regard in which wonder, indignation, and misgiving of the seriousness of the person who addressed her, were blended.' 'Me take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood—no, I spurned the rascal's offer.'

"Finding it impossible to mould the stern nature of the girl to their purpose, she was cast into a solitary prison. There she remained in utter ignorance of the fearful events passing around her, and would have perished for the want of suitable sustenance, but for the tenderness of one of the official's wives, an Englishwoman, who shuddered at the atrocities of the time, and sought to mitigate Anne's sufferings and to prolong her life by a thousand feminine kindnesses.

"One day Anne was ordered into one of the yards for air and exercise; but when she entered the place her shrewdness discovered the cause of the seeming mercy. She was conscious eyes were glaring upon her from one of the grated windows—the eyes of the officials—and pacing up and down the yard was one whose figure she instantly recognized was that of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. She knew she had been sent out to identify him. She passed him as though she had never before seen him, and by a frown deterred him from recognizing her. A few days subsequently she was sent for to the Castle for examination; and by the directions of her jailer she was ordered to be shown the gallows in Thomas Street, by which she had to pass. Accordingly the cavalcade stopped at that scene of so many murders. How her woman-nature must have shuddered as she gazed upon the fearful spot! Fresh-drawn blood had dabbled o'er its boards, and from the boards to the pavement, where but a few hours gone by stains were visible too; but the dogs had lapped them up. The blood had disappeared from off the street, but it still clung to the boards; and as her eyes rested upon it, they told her it was the blood of a young traitor—of one she knew,—it was the blood of Robert Emmet. We have not heard how her devoted but yet strong heart bore up against the sight; but we can well imagine the deep agony of the feelings of that girl who, when an aged woman, forty years later in life, upon looking again upon the chamber he was wont to inhabit, wept woman's tears, and shook with all the awakened tenderness of woman's devotedness. Noble-minded girl! tender-hearted old woman! may the blessings of another, a purer, and a better world, compensate you for your sufferings here, and reward you for

the nobleness with which you held true and faithful to the patriot, to the cause, and to the country, leaving to that country an example bright as ever graced old Rome in her proudest days! Well may woman feel proud of her sex as she reads her story, while proud man himself shall find within it not merely matter for praise, but for imitation, too!

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST, AND AN ARTIFICIAL MOONLIGHT.

THERE was a wedding-party near Hamilton Lodge, and the bride was daughter of a farmer who was purveyor to the army. In compliment to his military customers, the farmer invited the lieutenant commanding in the district; and that gentleman came to the scene of conviviality accompanied by two orderlies. The dinner was not served up until long after nightfall; and candles were lit, and window-shutters closed, before the guests were summoned to do justice to the good things prepared for them.

The officer said grace upon being called upon to do so; and, indeed, he did so with a very bad grace, and with half a sneer too, as if he were ashamed of having performed even one single devotional act in a lifetime; but if the prayer was not devoutly prayed, it seemed to have been not only listened to with attention, but responded to with fervour and piety, for, as he concluded, two men, suddenly opening the dining-room door, uttered a sonorous "Amen," and most unceremoniously took their places at the board.

The farmer looked dismayed, and the bride turned pale as death, the bridegroom forgot his joyousness, and the bidden guests appeared to be very uncomfortable indeed. The new-comers were tall athletic men, very plainly attired. Nevertheless, they proceeded to regale themselves without the slightest hesitation, and to pay all sorts of gracious compliments to the company assembled.

As the banquet proceeded, the officer could plainly see there was something wrong somewhere, and that the bridal party were anything but entirely at their ease. However after awhile, a better sort of feeling seemed to prevail; the

novelty, strangeness, unpleasantness, or whatever else it was, seemed to wear away, and the guests began again to enjoy themselves without any further restraint. His Britannic majesty's official, too, thawed, and waxed merry and gay and communicative withal, and proceeded to interest the company with some of his own peculiar opinions. Amongst the rest, he entered into a most malignant invective against the rebel called Captain Dwyer, assured his audience that he was to be out in search of him on the next night, and could not for the life of him conceive what there could be in one individual man to create such excitement through the length and breadth of a whole country.

One of the new-comers asked him should he very much like to see this Dwyer.

"Very much, indeed," he replied. Nay, he would willingly give his commission for a sight of him.

"Well, then," said the man, "I am Michael Dwyer!"

"You!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, I!—look at my hand, which wants the thumb! All your people know me by that mark." *

"By G—! you are the rebel!—and here's at you!" So saying, he seized two forks from the table, and firmly grasping the reversed hafts of both within his hand, let the steel project above and below, and doing the same with the pointed carving knives, was armed in an instant in a most formidable manner. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang on Dwyer; but the other man, who was Hugh *Vesty* Byrne (not the informer), as instantly interposed, and with a single terrible blow, dashed off the assailant; then, closing with him, wrung the weapons from his grasp, and flung him across the table. Nothing daunted, the hardy officer came once more to the encounter (Dwyer preventing anybody else from intervening between the combatants), and plunging at

* During the years that followed, little is told of the adventurers in the hills, until early in the summer of 1803, when Mr. James Hope was sent by Robert Emmet to examine their condition and reserves. He found them in the Glen of Imale, badly armed and badly provided. He furnished them with a blunderbuss and case of pistols each. While Hope was in the glen, Dwyer was informed that a spy named Halpin was on his track. Their relation to one another became soon changed. Dwyer pursued him until they came in sight of Dublin, to which Halpin owed his life. But the mountain chief was so chagrined at missing the traitor, that, in his rage, he fired off his blunderbuss, which burst and destroyed his thumb.

Byrne, struck right and left, not only with intrepidity, but effect.

Vesty, however, was a very powerful man, and more than a match, twice over, for his youthful assailant; and his blood, too, being now up, he dashed the officer on the ground several times with great violence.

"Ah, Hugh!" expostulated Dwyer, "don't hurt the king's servant!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Byrne, "the king has worse servants than he is; and, upon my conscience, I scruple striking him, but you see he won't give up."

"Hugh, you're weaning his affections from me; you know I am the man he wants."

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," retorted Byrne, knocking the officer down a tenth time.

"Bung him up, Hugh; it is a pity to beat him any longer."

Acting on this amiable suggestion, Byrne gave his headstrong victim a few point-blank bangs about the face, and soon diminished the vision of *King George's Own*—so much as speedily to put an end to the unequal contest. The two orderlies were now permitted to come in and escort their master to his quarters—Dwyer first, however, having taken possession of their arms, which he and Byrne bore away in triumph.

When this young man boasted that he would lose his commission for a sight of the insurgent chief, he was not at all aware that in point of fact he was doomed to pay no less a price for such a sight. Poor fellow, he was tried afterwards in Dublin by court-martial, for permitting himself to be worsted by a mere rebel, whilst having two of his men to assist him. All explanations were of no avail; the army was disgraced in his person, and he was cashiered for *cowardice;* although, if all the members of the court had been at the wedding-party on that eventful evening, they might not, collectively, have dared half as much as the man they condemned.

The two orderlies were also punished; and so the honour of the army was vindicated.

Dwyer deeply regretted this unmerited harshness to one of the *pluckiest* red-coats he had ever met with, and often said that had he continued in the service he would always spare him, even if he hunted him to the last extremity.

King George's battalions deeply incensed by the daring

of the insurgents, in not at once fleeing before their presence, determined to root them all out at one fell swoop. For this purpose, and having ascertained that Dwyer's strongest force was in and about the Glen of Imale, they proceeded to fortify all the approaches, and cut off all supplies, by building a large barrack at Glenmalure, which was to command the whole neighbouring district. The barrack was to shut up the mouth of the glen, and the mountain-passes being already secured, the insurgents, hemmed in on every side, should either die of starvation in their fastness, fight their way out, or surrender at discretion. Of so much importance was barrack-building considered, that numerous places besides Glenmalure were beautified by those picturesque edifices—Glencree, Laragh, Drumgoff, Aughavanah, and Leitrim. Well, the red-coats set to work. The work went on apace, and the walls arose with astounding rapidity. The captain's friends trembled for his safety, and his own immediate followers became restless and uneasy—so much so, that three of them stealing away in the darkness of the night, went over to the enemy, and betrayed their leader's retreat. This, however, was effected with so much secrecy, and after so very quiet a fashion, that the three traitors stole back again early the next morning, thinking that their absence was unnoticed; but Dwyer's vigilance never slept; and when the soldiery came that same night to a part of the glen where they were to meet their three guides, their dead bodies alone were found at the trysting-place. In the meantime, the barracks were half built, and a portion of them was to be occupied in a short time, in order to commence active operations against the glensmen. Dwyer got due intimation of this interesting fact, but did not seem to heed it in the slightest degree: however, it was seen by the men that he and young O'Brion were now in constant communication, and that the gallant youth ventured almost daily across the mountains, bringing at every visit as much as he could conveniently carry of powder and ball. By this proceeding, it was quite clear that something unusual was afoot—so that the band were not at all surprised when, one fine night, their captain called them together, and gave them his own private opinion about the strategy of the military in general, and their projected barracks at the mouth of the glen in particular. In a few words he explained to them his intentions and mode of frustrating all these manœuvres.

and for that purpose commanded all hands to turn out, and accompany him to the site of the new building. Off the whole party started accordingly, not forgetting to bring with them young O'Brien's contribution to their undertaking—namely, a goodly-sized keg of gunpowder, some tow, ropes, and a small quantity of easily ignited tinder. Slowly and cautiously they swept along the beauteous vale, keeping in the shade of the mountain, and sending out scouts to see that the way was clear, until, after about a half-hour's march, they entered within the enemy's works. It was but the act of a moment to drop the barrel of powder in the centre of the main floor. Dwyer himself then proceeded to lay the train, and looking admiringly on it, the whole body retreated step by step, the black trail accompanying them fed by the unstinting hand of their leader, until they had reached what was considered a safe distance. Then the flint was struck, the tinder set in a blaze, the train fired, and, spitting and spluttering flame, like a fiery serpent, it furiously made its way to the doomed building. Dwyer and his men crouched down into a deep ravine, held their breaths, in expectation of the terrible explosion. It came!—a dazzling mid-day light—a roar as if the whole glen were torn asunder—and echo after echo, so hollow, so threatening, and so unnatural, that even those fearless men could not forbear shuddering at the strange effect. "That was the trick that Patrick Sarsfield played on the English on the hill of Ballynetty," whispered Dwyer; "only we have not the good luck to have the red-coats in the midst of it." So that night the barracks were *shut up*—and the mouth of the glen *opened*—opened *with a vengeance!*

CHAPTER XXII.

AT BAY.

THERE was considerable sensation at Dublin Castle when the news arrived that one Michael Dwyer, with other person or persons unknown, took the unwarrantable liberty of blowing the government barracks sky-high, without having the smallest fear of his sovereign majesty King George before their eyes.

His lordship, the representative of English power in Ireland, could scarcely credit the fact. Nevertheless, there were numberless witnesses ready to prove that a few days since a goodly building stood upon the floor of the green vale of Glenmalure, of which structure no one stone now covered the other.

In Wicklow the people were not at all surprised at the disappearance of a mere barrack. They were well aware that Captain Dwyer was capable of more than that. In fact, they firmly believed that their favourite and intrepid glen-king was the true monarch, if not of all Ireland, at least of all Wicklow; and they never thought of wishing for a better.

In this state of affairs it occurred to the valiant yeomanry to astonish the natives by an act of signal magnanimity and daring. Thinking that, now that Glenmalure was free, the insurgent chief must have at once vacated the locality, they assembled in force, resolved to make a show of scouring the country in search of the enemies of their adopted government. Up the glen they marched, and through the mountains, with rolling drums and sounding trumpets, setting fire to hill-side dwellings and arresting and insulting every individual who had the misfortune to cross their exultant path.

Still they marched, and marched, and burned, and plundered, until the storm of their approach reached at last the man they pretended to be in search of, and whom they never either anticipated, or hoped, or wished to find.

Dwyer jumped up in wrath, and summoning his men once more around, cried out—

"Do those fellows imagine that twenty armies of such white-livered *bodaghs* would be able to put the Wicklow glensmen a single yard out of their path! The yeos, boys, the yeos!"

A fierce cheer followed this curt address; and then the whole band present, only numbering ten men, armed to the teeth, and headed by their indomitable leader, made directly for the locality of the prowling militia.

The yeos marked their resolute advance, and forthwith called a halt. The bump of caution urged them strongly to "look before they leaped"—the bump of destructiveness declared for martial glory; but the appearance of the desperado and his men put an end to all doubt, for the five

senses aggregately and unanimously insisted upon a retreat. Away, accordingly, ran those magnanimous Minotaurs (half *Bulls* and half Irishmen) as fast as their expeditious hoofs could carry them. Dwyer and his party fired a volley after them in contempt, and then returned slowly into the peaceful defiles of the caverned Glendalough.

But the yeoman is a vindictive animal. Of course, there are some exceptions, as far as individuals are concerned, but the exception only goes to prove the rule; and in representing the character of that class, in '98, as cruel, cowardly, and brutally bigotted, the writer of this book only copies what has been cried into his ears in every part of Ireland, and from every Irish history, oral or written, as long as he has been able to hear or learn. So, to proceed,—the yeoman is a vindictive animal, and not to be hunted from his prey whilst any chance exists of getting it into his power by means personally safe, no matter how infamous. Accordingly, what those prudent champions feared to undertake on their own account, they caused at once to be attempted and carried into effect by others; for, by urgent representations at head-quarters, they were supplied on the next day with a strong body of Highlanders, commanded by the colonel of their regiment, escorted by whom they now came boldly, resolutely, and with flying colours,

"To beard the lion in his den—
The Douglas in his hall!"

For such an onset as this, and for such determined customers as the gallant Scotchmen, Dwyer was totally unprepared. So that when they appeared in sight in the gray of the morning, and were promptly reported by the men on the watch, the motto became, "Every man for himself, and God for us all!" The men immediately sought the most secret recesses of the numerous grottos and ravines, whilst Dwyer, well armed, crept up the rock overhanging the lake, and dropped quietly into the little stony keep, called the "bed of St. Kevin."

"This little scene of recedure was enacted slowly and systematically, but not with entire secrecy, as the sequel will show—for the yeos had bribed a wretched cripple residing in the neighbourhood to hide himself in one of the mountain-hollows, and to keep a sharp look-out from thence on the movements of the unconscious outlaws. And so, indeed, he

did, and with his unlucky eye, unfortunately, perceived the fatal desperado clambering most leisurely into his place of refuge and concealment. On came the Highlanders with their craven squad in tow, until they tramped up to the borders of the lake, when they came to an abrupt halt, and grounded arms with a crash that set all the echoes wondering.

"Where next?" said the Highland colonel, turning to the leader of the yeomen, and looking about him incredulously enough amongst those peaceful solitudes, for some appearance of the armament of an enemy. The yeoman-leader made a signal towards a certain point in the mountain, and forthwith there appeared trundling down the declivity a nondescript, distorted being, perched in a bowl, and urging on his lean body by the instrumentality of two little hand-stools, which he plied with such a vigour and such a will upon the receding earth, as easily to keep pace with a moderately-moving pedestrian. This was the hapless cripple already noticed as the sentinel in pay of the wary and ever-diplomatic yeomen. This miserable specimen of humanity toddled forward, bumping, bumping, and hurrying along, as best he could, until at last he came to the place where his stalwart friends were awaiting him. "Did you set him, Danny?" asked the yeoman, jocosely and familiarly—"Did you set him, Danny?"

"Yes, yes, your honour," panted the deformed one, and he pointed with his long bony fingers, significantly and directly to the "bed of St. Kevin" in the black face of the rock; but whilst his arm still remained extended, and the very syllable still quivering on the threshold of his lips, a starry blink of fire glimmered like a north light, and for an instant, at the very verge of the cell of the desperado, and then came the impetuous air-crash of a musket, and the cripple swayed in his wooden receptacle, the little walking-stools fell from the grasp of his stalky fingers, he swung down gradually and around, and then dropped suddenly backwards, the red-hot blood literally spouting up out of his chest.

The yeomen stood confounded and horrified, but not so the staunch Highlandmen, who now seeing something to be busy about, made ready, presented, and fired a full volley at the words of command, into the gaping aperture of the outlaw's retreat. But O'Dwyer was crouched up too

securely to be injured by any fusilade; and although they banged away again and again, he remained unscathed and undaunted. "The unfortunate man is dead!" cried out the colonel petulantly; "let two of you dash into the lake, scale the rock on this side to the right, bring out his remains, and let these fellows have them, and be damned." This last sentence was muttered between the old commander's teeth, as not being over complimentary to his heartily-despised allies. Accordingly, two men stepped from the ranks and instantly plunged into the water, swimming easily across to the cragg's feet at the opposite side, and being naturally expert climbers, clomb up to the desperado's den without a moment's difficulty or hesitation. From the very strange position of this natural cavity in the midst of perpendicular cliffs, one must balance and sway himself into its interior by an abrupt and steady turn of the whole body, which feat was no sooner performed by the first adventurous cragsman, than the naked arm of the outlaw, garnished with a long glittering skein, met his downward searching glance, and before he could move a step either in advance or retreat, was plunged to the very hilt in his unprotected body, and down fell the carcase of the poor Highlander, stark and lifeless, into the gloomy waters of the lake below.

The second man, not knowing the cause of his fellow's discomfiture, and blindly following his innate reverence for discipline and duty, boldly and dextrously passed into the same dangerous aperture, and instantly saw the horrrid sight of the brawny bare arm, and the long, glittering, and now reeking skein, and the next moment met the same swift and bloody fate as his predecessor, tumbling back headlong and helplessly into the already-stained element beneath him. The horrid sight of their countrymen's slaughter maddened the minds of the excited clansmen, and they would have plunged instantly into the lake to avenge them, and, of course, would have met the same fate as the deceased, man after man, had not their colonel peremptorily ordered them to desist, commanding a corporal and party to go back into Enniskerry, and procure materials for a broad raft and a brace of stout scaling-ladders. This, of course, was the true way of deciding the destiny of the invulnerable O'Dwyer.

Away went the party on their ominous mission, whilst the remaining soldiery, backed by the apprehensive civic powers, jealously guarded the dangerous haunt, determined

to seize bodily upon its hated inmate, dead or alive, even if they were constrained to occupy the locality until he starved in it. In the meantime the day passed, and the evening began to fall, and, as yet, there was no sign of the raft party returning, and every hour was adding fresh frownings to the skies; besides, there was but scanty moonlight, a fact of which O'Dwyer was well aware, and upon which he depended for the prosecution of his intended plans of operation. The night fell, and a miserable fragment of the silvery orb appeared for awhile sicklily in the moody sky, and then disappeared totally within a bank of sullen clouds, consigning the whole scene to a dull and leaden darkness.

"Light up a watch-fire!" bellowed the colonel, "or this murderous hornet will give us the slip in the dark."

The command had scarcely reached the ears of the alert soldiery, or died upon the surface of the sounding waters, when a loud, ringing, and scornful laugh broke fitfully across the lake, and echoed again and again in arrested reverberations in the far and barriered distance, and at length faded away in a melancholy cadence within the circling arms of night and silence.

Whether intentional or not, no ruse could have been half so successful for the desperado in throwing his enemies off their guard. It hit to the heart their national leaning to superstition. It made a bogle or a warlock of a mere Irish insurgent, and prevented the camp-fire from being lit for a good half-hour at least. A quarter of the time sufficed for O'Dwyer, who, quietly slipping out of his very unsafe retreat, crept readily down the rugged side of the rock, and, dropping into the water at its base, easily gained the land on the same side, and sprung into a young grove of larches and stunted fir trees, just as the piled-up faggots of the superstitious Sawnies flared up in dazzling brightness on the opposite banks, crimsoning all the mystic lake, over its whole troubled surface, with a thousand starry sparkles and a lurid glow, wild, unearthly, and refulgent. And now came hurrying in upon the scene the laggard raftsmen, trundling all sorts of planks and ladders on rude vehicles at their heels, for the obtaining of which conveniences they had been obliged to travel into the metropolis, so utterly averse were the surrounding inhabitants to afford them any countenance or any accommodation. The raft was speedily constructed and set afloat; torches were formed from the young

fir trees, and a whole troop of knocking-kneed kilties advanced uneasily to the escalade. Oh! if it had been to attack a fort, howling with bellowing artillery; or a turretted martello, towering up into the skies; or fifty squadrons of cavalry, solid squared and menacing!—anything! anything! but to march openly and willingly into the arms of this governor-general of all the kelpies, warlocks, and bogles!—nothing but duty—inevitable duty—could have induced them. However, to do the colonel justice, he headed his men unflinchingly, and was the very first man who mounted the erected ladder, and plunged headlong, dirk in hand, into the bloody nest of the dangerous outlaw. But, lo! the place was empty! And so ended the military expedition into the labyrinths of Glendalough; but it was not the last, for many other such followed, and in quick succession, but all were utterly unsuccessful. So ingenious and sturdily did this indomitable Irish rebel stand victoriously upon the defiant, against all his Britannic Majesty's available forces at that time quartered upon old Ireland.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BEST MAN IN WICKLOW.

When Dwyer vacated the cell of Saint Kevin, he made his way to a favourite cave of his on the side of Lugduff—a natural excavation, covered with briers and brushwood, latticed with big broad brauri ferns, and ornamented all around with tufts of golden gorse. This cavern was very precipitous and deep, and went away far into the heart of the mountain. Here, only the shepherd and the goatherd ventured, and some few adventurous urchins, seeking the nests of the crested linnet. The peasantry were well acquainted with it, however, and often answered the outlaw's summons when, with his large sea-whistle, he blew a blast. Sometimes the querulous note demanded meat and drink, very often a replenishing of his powder-flask, and as often, news about the proceedings of the common enemy. Those

* "The Author," in *Fireside Magazine* for August, 1852.

applications were attended to without delay, for the applicant was always at the call of the oppressed when the yeomen threatened vengeance upon them or theirs. Nightly, whilst the Highlanders held guard about the glen or the lake, or at the foot of the mountain-passes, and when the watchful sentry, at the close of day, cried out the usual "All's well!" another "*All's well!*" came rolling down from the hills, from the daring voice of the desperado. This, however, passed for an echo with the soldiers, but Dwyer's friends understood it literally as a bulletin from their chief. This wondrous man had several other caves in the valley and amongst the hills, as well as several hiding-places extemporized as necessity required—many of them at the junction of two thatched house-roofs, or on high hurdle-floors within the dwellings. Once, the peasantry say, that he escaped a very close pursuit by sliding in between the rock and the waterfall of Powerscourt. Such a place of concealment none other than himself would have dreamt of. The feat is barely possible, particularly when the water is falling in such a volume as to afford a secret refuge to anything so large as the human form. When such pursuits became more frequent than usual, Dwyer usually conveyed his young wife and young children to some of the farmers' houses, where they were always sure, not only to be received with a hundred thousand welcomes, but also to be treated with the greatest respect and tenderness. The wife was fit mate for the man. Of the same flesh and blood—of the same mind and spirit—of the same national temperament—with the same tameless and fearless detestation of the enemies of their country—with the same resolute determination to persist to the end, in open defiance of the *red devil* that made war upon liberty and virtue.

She was the outlaw's bride, and would not change her lot for all the world's wealth—for all the world's blandishments. Such were her feelings on her bridal morning, and through her long, long after-life, increasing but with time—as the stream becomes a brook, and then a river, and then is only stayed increasing when swallowed up in the eternity of ocean.

One evening, about the fireside of a farmer named Kelly, a merry group assembled, consisting of the man and woman of the house, a few male and female guests, and Mary Dwyer and her two children. The conversation turned on

the funeral of an Orangeman, at which some of the party assembled had attended that day; for many of the Orange and Protestant inhabitants were much respected by their neighbours, and took no part whatever in the oppressive and cruel proceedings patronized by the paternal government.

"Pat Kennedy had a drop in," said the farmer, continuing a long gossip, in which he himself was the prominent spokesman; "and, says Pat, with an oath that brought a cloud over us, 'The best man in Wicklow is big Jack Sutcliffe' (the first cousin of the deceased). I demurred a bit, and mentioned Hugh Byrne and a few more of our friends. 'Jack is man enough for any two of them,' said Kennedy, 'and he has not his match amongst all the "united men" ye could bring together in a twelvemonth. Even Dwyer would not like to aggravate him.'"

"Dwyer fears no man on earth," interposed Mary quietly, and the two children clung to her closely as they heard her speak.

"We all know that," asserted Kelly; "but a man may not fear another, and yet be in no hurry to come across him."

Mary laughed ironically, and the children crowed out mirthfully, delighted to hear their mother's mirth.

"There was a long argument about it," persisted Kelly; "but Kennedy offered to back his man for any money."

The gossiping farmer had it all to himself. Mary was silent, and the other guests were too busy amusing each other, to mind how the tide of tongues went. And so the evening waned, and night came on, and the circle about the fireside began insensibly to diminish, until at last the whole party broke up, and bidding a hearty "good-night" to their worthy though talkative host, wended away to their several homes in the neighbourhood. Mary remained, however; for Kelly's house was her home for the night, as it had been for several nights previously.

Now, although all their friends had departed, none of the Kelly family seemed inclined to retire to their slumbers, nor Mary, nor the children. They were all waiting for a fresh visitor; and a light tap at the door very soon announced his arrival. A single query, and as curt a response, and the next moment Michael Dwyer, the insurgent leader of the gallant Wicklow men, walked in upon the earthen floor. Mary met him first. It was, indeed, she who made signals

to him in the beginning. The children clung to his legs. Kelly had a hard grasp for him, and the woman of the house a hot mess and a hearty welcome. Sentinels were then set for the night, and the family very soon after left the rebel group together to discuss their own private affairs at greater ease. You may be sure, reader, that Mary told her husband of the gossip at the funeral, and how Sutcliffe was announced as the best man in Wicklow; at any rate, the sequel looks very like it, indeed.

The next day Kennedy, Sutcliffe, and a few more were regaling themselves at one of the snug little public-houses in Donard, when, quite unexpectedly, they were joined by Dwyer and Hugh Byrne. Moore opened a parley at once, by asking Kennedy was he still of the same opinion about the best man in Wicklow as he was at the funeral on the previous day.

"I am so," shouted Kennedy with a horrid oath; "and Jack is here on the spot, able and willing to meet the pair of ye, one down and another come on."

"Is that the case, Sutcliffe," said Dwyer.

The man addressed made no reply.

"Silence gives consent," continued Dwyer, throwing off his clothes; "stand up, and when I am down, Hugh there will be ready to receive the same treatment at your hands."

Sutcliffe answered the challenge without hesitation, and with a cry of exultation, the whole drinking party formed a ring about the combatants. Both were men over six feet high, bare of flesh and of iron muscles—Sutcliffe the heavier man of the two, but Dwyer the more active. Hour after hour they battered at each other's bodies without much resting at intervals, and taking stimulating drinks from their seconders, until at last, on one of those intervals, Sutcliffe struck Dwyer on the face before he was entirely ready for the combat, and when the blood spurted from his nose up to the ceiling, Byrne became so exasperated that, with a tremendous blow he knocked Sutcliffe into the empty fire-place. There was instantly a cry of foul play, and Dwyer was the first to acknowledge that his friend acted with too much precipitancy; adding that Sutcliffe evidently acted under mistake, and that he forgave him, but that Byrne spoiled his victory, for his antagonist now was the worse of the fall, and might stop the fight without any imputation on his courage.

Sutcliffe, however, told his friends to be quiet, that the fault was not Dwyer's, and that he was not a whit the worse of the tumble, and then stood before his man nothing daunted, whilst Byrne, in a spirit of penitence, offered to take up any friend of Sutcliffe's, and give him every satisfaction in his power. The invitation was not accepted, and the original battle again commenced.

Twice the two men closed and grappled, and twice Sutcliffe's seconds warned him to beware of coming to close quarters any more, for they well knew that the brave insurgent was never equalled by any man at a dead grasp and a pitch over. However, Dwyer saw that this was his only chance of crushing his adversary, so, making a feint blow, he suddenly dropped on one knee, avoided the counter hit, and had Sutcliffe in his arms. "Give him the foot, and hip him," cried Byrne. Then up shot, the heavy tall man into the air, as if he were a mere child, twined around by the long bony arms of the athlete, and the next moment, he was beaten almost into the earth by the violence with which he was projected downwards. Sutcliffe became insensible. Dwyer, however, always admitted that his antagonist was not fairly beaten, as it was not a stand-up bruising.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EMMET—DWYER—BURKE—BYRNE, &c.

From the reports of the secret service money in Dublin Castle, we now find Dwyer's name honoured by special notice.

A Mr. M'Henry Hayden, of Wicklow, writes to Major Sirr, offering to capture the insurgent leader without loss of time:—

"Sir,—You know my handwriting (writes another correspondent of the same old worthy), so I need not write my name. Dwyer is continually at Monastown, at Michael Byrne's, Castlehaven, and John Byrne's, Monastown. Dated April, 1803."

Mr. Hayden writes again to the Major, to the following effect. on 28th May, 1803:—"Offers to take Dwyer, on

* Madden.

condition that he would be well rewarded; that he would be appointed to some situation in the country near his residence, that he might get acquainted among those who harboured Dwyer; or to get an ensign's pay and a permanent situation."

The Major, however, does not seem to have paid much attention to Mr. Henry Hayden and his boasted magnanimity.

Again, we have an extract from the book of the Kildare magistrates' proceedings, stating that "Peter Hamilton was told by John Duff and Martin, all of Naas, that there was a French officer in Naas, organizing the people, and that Dwyer was to go to Dublin with a great force." Then there were rewards of from £300 and upwards for the Wicklow man's apprehension.

In July, 1803, Dwyer, accompanied by Martin Burke and Hugh Byrne, visited Robert Emmet in Butterfield Lane, at the express invitation of the latter; and often did Dwyer boast that on that occasion he slept in the same bed with the poor young patriot-martyr.

Dwyer was totally opposed to the rising of 1803, and endeavoured to dissuade Emmet from the attempt, alleging that he saw no end in it, no future, and the past a blank without light.

But Emmet had gone too far to recede. There was a want of union of intention and unison of proceeding that appeared to make a complicated puzzle of the whole insurrectionary movement, caused, no doubt, in a great measure, by the numerous bands of informers, the great vigilance of the enemy, and the uncertainty of foreign aid.

When Dwyer found he could not prevail with his young friend, he at once began to concert measures to help him on with his daring project. Emmet gave him a colonel's commission, and to Burke and Byrne he also gave captain's commissions in the army of the people.

It was then arranged that the newly-appointed colonel should instantly raise 500 men, and march without delay to the little village of Rathfarnham, there to await further orders. To that place of tryst Dwyer and his men came, faithful to the day and to the hour; but no message came from their young commander; indeed, the first news they had of him and the rising in Dublin was, that it was all over, and all a defeat. Had Dwyer and his 500 men got

the concerted signal, and, crossing the canal, entered the streets of the metropolis, the Castle would have been seized and the city be in flames. But it was not to be.

* What position Michael Dwyer filled in the engagements of '98, there are no reliable means of ascertaining. All that is well known is, that he was in every one of them, and escaped unhurt through them all. He seems to have been second in command at Hacketstown. An anecdote is told of him which proves at once his courage and moderation. He and Hugh Byrne were one night on an outpost, when they captured a spy from the enemy, bearing a letter to Holt, proposing terms of surrender. They were evidently in reply to some proposition of his. The "rebels," on reading the letter, proceeded directly to the quarters of Holt, and led him away from the main body. They there read for him the letter addressed to himself, proving his guilt, and told him that the fact of his being a Protestant saved him from instant death, and warned him never to show his face again among the people.

How many men shared the privations and perils of Dwyer's mountain warfare is not known, nor, in fact, were there anything like the same number always with him. He says himself that as the winter set in, and the air became chill, they sensibly diminished. There is no doubt but, on several occasions, he could rally hundreds for the execution of a particular purpose. Those of his companions and comrades who were best known and most trusted were Hugh Byrne, his brother-in-law; Samuel M'Allister, Costello, Martin Bourke, Andrew Thomas, Harman, Arthur Devlin, John Mead, and Thomas Brangan.

One of the means used by the government of the day to bring Dwyer into disrepute with the people, as a snare for his betrayal, was to report that he lived by plunder. This was a calumny as wanton as it was base. Dwyer, even if in need, would sooner starve than rob; and he was not in need, by any means, as was distinctly proved by the very libellers who circulated the calumny; for they stated that "*he and his men received their rations as regularly as the soldiers in the barrack.*" So far was the attempt to libel the outlaw carried, that a robbery was concocted. Private information was given to a man near Rathdrum that he was to be robbed. Convenient times these, when robbers sent

* O'Mahony and Madden.

information of their purpose beforehand! The man getting the notice, as was natural, and, as correspondents say, "in due course," gave information to the yeomanry officers. Great caution and secresy were observed, as the account of the affair commendably relates, and the yeomanry surrounded the house that was to be robbed. One man named Williams, a crack shot, was stationed inside, and ordered *not to fire unless in imminent danger*—evidently Williams was not in the secret. He took his post, however; and his zeal or pride superseded his orders. He thought it a good chance to win two honours—first, that of proving the accuracy of his aim, and second, that of shooting down Dwyer: Dwyer's person was described to him. In due time the robbers made their appearance, unobstructed by the yeomanry in ambush around the house. They deliberately proceeded with their work, satisfied, no doubt, that they were safe in their operations. But woe to them! Williams waited till they had lighted a light; and then, singling out the man he believed to be Dwyer, took deliberate aim, and shot him dead. The rest fled. Their flight does not seem to have been obstructed. The *men* of the yeomanry corps believed they had performed a great service. They surrounded the slain robber with exultation, and stripped him of his disguise. He turned out to be, not Michael Dwyer, but a notorious Orangeman, who had served the king with unscrupulous brutality. Dr. Madden does not state whether the *officers* feigned or felt surprise, though all the circumstances of the performance prove that the dead man was the instrument of the wicked contrivance.

The date of this adventure is not stated; but it may be presumed to have been early in the period of the outlawry of Dwyer. Indeed, few of the scenes described by his enemies bear any date; and there are many others of equal, and perhaps far greater, interest not described at all.

In December, 1800, Dwyer's party had to cross the river Avon, near the seven churches. Their arms got wetted without their knowledge. They were on their way to a resort in the bog, where their quarters were in a turf clump. All the people in the neighbourhood were aware of this resort, and they visited occasionally the neighbouring houses. The Government somehow or other found out their place of concealment, and a troop of cavalry was sent to arrest them. One of the party was in the act of shaving himself when

the cavalry appeared. At first they (the cavalry) seemed undetermined, and passed on. The outlaws held counsel, and decided that they should remain where they were. This resolution was fatal to some of them. The yeomanry returned, and began to pull down the clump. Andrew Thomas attempted to fire; but his gun missed. "It is the first time," said he, in bitter despair, "it ever missed."

The heroes then rushed out of their hold,—alas! how poor a one for spirits as brave as theirs!—and escaped—all except Thomas. He was wounded in the thigh, but made a resistance desperate in itself and fatal to many, before he was despatched. His dead body was mutilated shockingly, and being thrown across a horse, was borne with savage triumph to Rathdrum, a distance of eight miles, where his head was cut off and spiked on Flannel Hall. Thomas would have made good his escape, and had passed the ranks of the cavalry, when he was shot by a Mr. Weeks, who was out fowling, and thus had an opportunity of proving his cowardly loyalty by shooting down a man pursued by a whole troop of cavalry. Another of the party—Harman—made his escape in his shirt, which, with his useless gun, was his only impediment. He was pursued by a yeoman named Thomas Manning, a man of great bodily strength. Harman, however, outstripped him, and made good his escape, after a chase of three miles. Here he found himself confronted by a new danger; for, having to cross a very narrow bridge, his passage was disputed by a Mr. Darby, who was posted there on horseback, and armed to the teeth. Harman did not hesitate, but advanced on him with his gun levelled, saying, "Come, Darby, you or I for it." Darby was astonished or terrified, and turned his horse aside to make way for the naked desperado, who was soon beyond the reach of pursuit.

Thomas Brangan has been noticed as one of this noble band. He was a carman in the Irish town. His carts were used to convey stores and ammunition to and from the different depots. He was the principal agent of Robert Emmet, who employed him in the most delicate and desperate affairs. While concealed at Mr. Butler's, in Fishamble Street, he became so ill as to be despaired of. A clergyman was sent for, the Rev. Dr. B——, and who refused to minister to him unless he gave information respecting a quantity of arms concealed in the ruined vaults of St. Mary's Abbey. Brangan peremptorily refused. He sent

for another clergyman, who declined to attend him. He finally recovered and escaped to Portugal, whence he went to France, and joined the 3d Regiment of the Irish Brigade, in which he soon rose to the rank of captain. He distinguished himself in several of the engagements of the Peninsular war. He was killed in a duel in 1811, and thus ended what promised to be a brilliant career. The personal history of the other survivors of this gallant band I am unable to trace.*

CHAPTER XXV.

LAYING THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

In the early part of 1803, Mr. Hume of Humewood sent several messages to Dwyer, begging of him to surrender, as his tenantry on his mountain estates were much harassed by the soldiery in pursuit of him—at the same time, promising to use his influence to procure his pardon, or, at all events, the security of his life. Mr. William Jackson, commonly called "Billy the Rock," was the negociator between the two parties. Dwyer, however, refused to comply unless Burke and Byrne were included in the terms which he himself should propose, which were—to be supplied with money, and to be permitted to go to America. Mr. Hume waited on the Lord Lieutenant and the Castle authorities, who were so pleased to be rid of their troublesome neighbours, that they readily agreed to let Dwyer have £500, and his companions £200 each.

Still Dwyer feared to trust the slippery foeman. The Castle was the emporium of everything venial and bloody, the home of reprobates and informers. He refused, and that he was right in doing so, the sequel will show. Mr. Hume, greatly exasperated at this rejection of government clemency, determined to concert sure measures to reduce the refractory insurgent to obedience. Accordingly he resolved upon placing three or four soldiers in every house suspected of favouring the fugitive, or of giving him any assistance, and to extend this cordon of guards all over the Glen of Imale, the seven churches, and that entire district. A yeoman

* O'Mahony and Madden.

named Perry was called into Mr. Hume's councils; this man declared the plan to be quite practicable, and that the only difficulty was in obtaining a sufficient number of men for the purpose.

Mr. Hume again waited upon the representative of the Government, and forthwith obtained full authority over all Wicklow, to call upon any number of soldiers that he might deem necessary; and, moreover, the same beneficent executive sent even a gratuity over his request, by despatching after his heels the entire Monaghan militia, who instantly commenced to distinguish themselves by the perpetration of every cowardly barbarity.

A list was now prepared which included all the suspected premises along the sides of the mountains, from Beltinglass to Aughavannah. This was entrusted to a sergeant, with orders to press a young man named O'Brien into his service, to point out each dwelling mentioned within it.

The king's non-commissioned officer, taking with him eighteen men, went one evening in search of their guide, who was no other than the O'Brien already described as having died of fever, aggravated by a yeomanry domiciliary visit: this they learned upon the spot. However, they found the young man's brother, the friend of Dwyer, and authority for this veritable history of him and his, which we now write. The boy regarded the Monaghans with no good-will, but did not refuse to accompany them upon their unholy mission. Not at all, on the contrary, he at once entered into their views, and proceeded without hesitation to plant the men at the several houses so plainly indicated. The first four were stationed at Mr. John Bryan's of Carrig, where they were ordered to remain until daylight. Four more at Messieurs Mitchells'—same place; two at Mr. Wilson's of Mugduff, and two more at Mr. Hawkins's.

Now, gentle reader, by some oversight or mistake, every house of these happened to be, instead of rebel dwellings, the homes of the staunchest of his Majesty's yeomen in Ireland—the blackest Brunswickers—the yellowest Peels—some of whom that very night were abroad on the hills in search of the arch rebel. Conceive, then, the horror of those loyal men to find their sacred domiciles thus invaded, and themselves treated as no better than the faithless. Conceive their indignation and clamorous disgust, to see those horrid Monaghans laughing them to scorn, taunting them as rebels,

kissing their wives, romping with their daughters, cooking the choicest bacon, opening their private cupboards with their bayonets, and drinking bumpers of their oldest "parliament" with the most uproarious merriment and extravagant buffooneries. Many a good joke was cracked upon the absurdity of the Royalists endeavouring to palm themselves off as good men and true, their repeated assertions and protestations to that effect only provoking more merriment and causing more resolute inroads upon the contents of their larder.

At length the Monaghans, replete with Bacchus, and joyous at the notion of having so many of the ill-affected thus crouching miserably before them, began the old game of infamy and domineering tyranny, and to such an extent too, that some of the sufferers were obliged to take horse and ride to Rathangan, where the officers commanding the Northerns resided. Upon explaining the misfortune, the officer gave the necessary order for his men to vacate the premises, which they did, but only after a very long remonstrance and the greatest reluctance.

In the meantime the sergeant brought away their guide some two or three miles farther on, and searched several houses about which they had private information, always obliging the young lad to go on in advance. At one respectable house in particular, they knocked several times without receiving any reply, whereupon they forced open the window, and endeavoured to thrust the boy through it, but this he most obstinately resisted. They then thundered once more at the hall-door, which at last was opened to them. In rushed the valiant sergeant and his men, charging the beds with fixed bayonets, and transfixing the partitions, bursting open presses and boxes, and thrusting their heads and shoulders into chimney flues and cock-lofts. These feats were always performed in the absence of all men from the premises. In this instance, an old servant woman appeared, who informed them that her master and his people were at a neighbouring fair, and were not expected home until next day One of the beds, however, was palpably warm, as if very lately occupied. This the old woman most positively denied, and desired them to search the whole house if they doubted her assertion. Of course, they searched and researched, but all in vain. Dwyer had escaped by a back residence, and was already beyond their reach.

They then cursed the old woman to their hearts' content, and passing out into the yard, shot the farm-yard dogs, just to keep their hands in practice. They then proceeded to Mr. Amly Byrne's of Coinawn, where they ordered breakfast, which was supplied to them, Byrne taking the young O'Brien aside to question him about their proceedings.

"Leave the boy alone," cried the sergeant; "he is our prisoner, and we are not yet done with him."

"Very pleasant," thought O'Brien, but his courage never deserted him.

At this moment a shot was heard in the valley, and the sergeant and his men ran out to see what was the matter.

Pooh! it was nothing. A boy was working in the field, and, perceiving some soldiers coming towards him, became alarmed and fled. The military, laughing at his terror, called after him to stop. This command he disregarded, and they shot him; that was all—a thing of daily occurrence.

The sergeant returned once more to the house, but Master Daniel O'Brien, having taken advantage of his absence, was nowhere to be found: he had decamped, and they never were blessed with a vision of him. No doubt, if they met again, they would have paid him with interest for the trick he played on the hill-side at Aughavannah.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAID AT LAST.

Mary Dwyer, that glorious Mary of the mountain, who gave her maiden heart and troth to the daring insurgent chief; who loved him as much because he loved Ireland as for his own intrinsic worth and daring; who left her father's home to share his wild and uncertain life in hill and vale, in mountain cave and fastness; who swore to love, honour, and obey him, and who held her willing finger for the golden bond that bound her for evermore to care and trouble—that Mary that never regretted her choice, but lived on, still loving more and more, exulting in her hero's triumphs—watching for him as his truest sentinel—Mary, the friend and relative of noble Anne Devlin.

In this our day Irish maidens sing and sorrow for their native land—sing divinely—sorrow most lovingly—as only Irish maidens can; such grand spirits as SPERANZA, EVA, MARY, and other sweet stars in the same galaxy.

Mary Dwyer, who endured to the last, and without a murmur, all the privations, dangers, and anxieties attendant upon her dear husband's most adventurous life; who saw the fight fought out, and hope after hope extinguished; who witnessed the enemy occupy every angle of the great old land, like an in-coming tide, spreading over everything; who heard, and knew, and felt that

"What man could do was done already,"—

now began to think that it was time to look at hom consult the safety of the father of her children, and future of those beloved little ones around whom all heart's tendrils were clinging. Again, too, she was abo becoming a mother, and the feeling became stronger within her for rest and refuge, not for herself, but for him and his, and for the time to come. Therefore she wound her arms around his neck, and, kissing him and sobbing—thinking, no doubt, of the days gone by, when she first sprang to his side, amid the forty horsemen on the mountain, and the flashing arms, and the wild hurrahs of the whole country-side, the steed bounding beneath her light weight, and the bright eyes of her rapturous lover devouring her with delight; of the day, too, when he and she looked upon their first-born; of the day when Robert Emmet took her husband's hand, and told him he was an honour to his country; bringing to mind those dear memories—the faithful wife sobbed and sorrowed, and at last fairly uttered out—"We must *give up* now, Michael dear; it is time." Dwyer knew how much it cost her to say so much, and how grieved she must be to say it—for she took pride in his unquailing bravery. He, therefore, returned her embrace, and was silent. No words were wasted on the unwelcome and distasteful subject; but in a few days afterwards, Mr. William Jackson waited on Mr. Hume with the news that the famous desperado of Wicklow was now willing to accede to the terms proposed by the English government. Mr. Hume was to name time and place, and he was to meet his captive alone and unattended. This was agreed to, with the stipulation that Dwyer was to come unarmed to a retired place, called Little Wood, on the

borders of the Ruadhawn Bog. The passwords were to be, "It is pleasant to travel by moonlight;" the countersign to which was, "Yes, indeed, I think so."

These preliminaries having been arranged, the next step was for the parties to meet. Accordingly, a certain night was appointed; and Dwyer, having first knelt down at his dear wife's bidding by her side, with their children around them, prayed to God, as she directed, that she did right to urge him, and that he did right to comply. The devoted pair, having prayed fervently together, arose and embraced each other again and again. The outlaw took his children in his arms, strained them to his manly bosom, and at last, restoring them to their weeping mother with a heavy and foreboding heart, went forth to the place of meeting.

Mr. Hume was punctual to the time, and was anxiously waiting the coming of Dwyer. It was therefore with great gratification he heard a footstep coming, and a clear, manly voice give the concerted sign. The next instant the two men met, and looked narrowly at each other.

"Dwyer, you are armed," said Mr. Hume abruptly.

"I am armed," replied Dwyer, "because I had far to come, and the way was beset with mortal enemies; but here is my blunderbuss. Handle it carefully: it is loaded to the muzzle."

"I'm sure it is; for truly it is the heaviest piece of fire-arms I ever felt."

"Are you now satisfied?" asked the insurgent.

"Fully so. Keep close to my side, and come along."

And they walked to Humewood House, the Anglo-Irish captain and his voluntary captive—the man who had so long dared all the policy and all the violence of his Britannic Majesty's forces in Ireland. One man!—good God! how much might many such men have effected for Ireland, and how much might they still effect? William Hoar Hume and Michael Dwyer, two Irishmen, walked together that night in their native land—the one to rivet the chains of her perpetual thraldom, the other after having risked his life a thousand times to set her free; the one a well-intentioned slave, the other a patriot and a hero.

Next day Mr. Hume wrote to Dublin Castle the very acceptable tidings that Dwyer had surrendered.

Hugh Byrne followed Dwyer to Humewood, accompanied for a *garde d'honneur*, by a Protestant gentleman; and Martin Burke was run down in a few days, after having afforded

his enemies a gallant chase—some fifty of them against one. He crossed the Slaney nine times, poor fellow! and was at last captured, up to his neck in the river, directly under Leitrim barracks, in the Glen of Imale. All the military and civil gentry of the county, from its remotest parts, flocked to Humewood House, to feast their eyes on the famous insurgent chief and his brave companions. Among the company was General B——, who requested to see Dwyer without delay. Accordingly, he was ushered into the captain's presence. Regarding him for some time in silence, and with keen scrutiny—

"You are, indeed, the man," he said; but why did you not surrender to me? Did you not know I have been in the country for the past three months, and residing in Saunders Grove?"

"Pray, sir, may I ask who are you?"

"I am General B——!"

"Oh then, indeed, we are old acquaintances, if I do not greatly mistake."

"Can't say, I'm sure," said the general dryly.

"What! don't you recollect when you and I drew home the turf-creels to Mr. Fintan of Knockinarrigan? and when we were comrades at the foot-ball kicking against the Carlow boys, in the Glen?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," repeated the general uneasily.

"What! do you mean to say you do not remember when 'Cat o' nine tails' B—— came to Holywood, and Moll Kearney brought you and your brother to him, and that he laid his hand on your head, and declared that you were a B——, every inch of you; and that he took both of ye away with him to Dublin, and that we were obliged to do without you from that day to this, and that now you turn up trumps, a real live general!"

"Have done with this insolent trifling," cried the general, now in a fuming rage, to which he had been gradually approaching as Dwyer proceeded to jog his memory.

"Mr. Hume, this man is my prisoner."

"Not so," replied Mr. Hume; "he is mine, and shall continue so."

"But I command the district, and will have him."

"But I command the entire county, and you shall not."

"By what authority?"

"By a commission from the government. Look at it."

"You should have said this before, sir."

"I owe you no information, and no courtesy."

"You will hear from me again," retorted the general.

"The sooner the better," was the laconic rejoinder. The general had a bad memory

Mr. Hume was very curious to see the commissions and uniforms given by Emmet to Dwyer and his true companions, and his captive, anxious to make some return for his great kindness to him, said he could guess where the papers were, and also his own dress, but that he knew nothing of the uniforms of Burke and Byrne.

"Well then," said Mr. Hume, "tell me where your own are, and I will send a trusty messenger for it and the commissions. Nay, do not hesitate, you have entrusted your life to me—be sure, as well, that I will not play false to you or to your friends."

Dwyer then wrote an order to James Mangan, Boola Bawn, Tarbertstown, for the required articles, and four yeomen were sent with it without delay.

Mangan denied all knowledge of the articles in question, and would give no satisfaction whatever about them; but when the order in Dwyer's handwriting was produced, Mrs. Mangan delivered them up, without further hesitation. Dwyer has been much censured for this act, but his dependence upon Mr. Hume's honour was illimitable. He had been his patron and friend from childhood, and never deceived him or any other man in the country, and, better still, no harm ever came of the affair.

Dwyer remained in Humewood for ten days, before he was escorted to Dublin. On one of these days, as he and his host were conversing together, Dwyer asked did he remember a certain unmanageable setter he once had, when shooting on Mugduff about two years past; Mr. Hume did not recollect.

"Don't you remember the dog that was beating wild away, two or three fields from you, and which you called a countryman to catch."

"Yes, yes; I positively do. She belonged to Captain Innes, and spoiled a good day's sport for me."

"Well, sir, I am the countryman who brought her to you, and refused to take some silver, which you offered for my trouble."

"You, is it possible? and I never recognized you."

"Ha, ha! I was well muffled up, and not easily detected."

They walked together, chatting thus quietly as they went, when Dwyer, looking up at one of the spacious offices called "the brew-house," said with a smile, "there are very comfortable quarters in there."

"How do you know? Were you ever in them?"

"I was there a full fortnight, and ought to be a good judge."

"Come now, Dwyer, what sort of a place is it inside?"

"Well, on entering the front door, and on the right side, there is something like a binn attached to the boards, and also"——

"Oh, that will do," said Mr. Hume, laughing, "you must have been there, sure enough; but what supported you whilst there?"

"Ah! sir, Humewood was always a hospitable place, and is so still."

The fact was that between the servants of the place and two friendly yeomen, one of whose lives Dwyer saved, he was concealed in the out office whilst Mr. Hume was in Parliament, and was fed like the son of an Irish prince. But now the day arrived for the captive to be removed to head-quarters, and, accordingly, he got orders to be ready for the journey as soon as possible—a preparation, by the way, not entailing a great deal of labour on our friend and hero. A message, however, came from Donard, that Mr. Hume should not bring his prisoner through that locality, as a certain Mr. Cheney was determined to have him shot for having killed a near relative of his own; and besides, Donard was filled with a number of bitter and rancorous yeomen, who would not let the rebel chief pass through without immolating him on the spot.

"Are you afraid, Dwyer," asked Mr. Hume.

"Not in the least," was the tranquil reply.

"Nor I either, as I intend we both shall be well armed, and shall have twelve sturdy honest fellows to accompany us."

On that day they marched through the dangerous pass—but no man dared to molest them; and so they proceeded on their journey, until they reached the metropolis and the black heart of its bosom—the castle. Here the terms of surrender were again repeated and ratified, Mr. Hume further enjoining that his prisoner, as well as the others who

were to follow on the next day, should be well and kindly treated, and afforded every comfort necessary to their con-
tion. Very soon again Mr. Hume came to visit Dwyer,
nd to see that his guarantee was carried out to the letter,
when, lo! he found that he only arrived in time to learn
at he, Burke, and Byrne, were about to be transferred to
ilmainham jail preparatory to their being transported beyond the seas. Exasperated at this vile lack of faith and honour, Mr. Hume waited on the Lord Lieutenant, and expostulated with him very warmly on the conduct of the government, and the vile position it placed himself in, when thus utterly unable to fulfil his engagements with the men to whom he had pledged his honour and his word.

His Excellency coldly replied that the executive did not feel themselves bound by any promises made to rebels, nor need Mr. Hume feel any way squeamish on that head.

"So squeamish," retorted the incensed gentleman, "that I deeply regret I did not leave the men free on the mountains where I found them, and where your lordship dared not seek them."

"*They shall have their lives, sir, and nothing else,*" observed the high dignitary, turning away abruptly, and thus ending the interview.

Mr. Hume gave Dwyer £10, and Burke and Byrne £5 each—all the money he had in his possession—told them, with many an execration loud and deep, how the government had deceived him and foresworn themselves, and how he was not to blame for their falseness and perfidy; telling them, at the same time, that he would not lose sight of them or their interest as long and as far as he was able, and he kept his word.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

"After some months' imprisonment in Kilmainham," says Dr. Maddan, "Dwyer was transported for life, along with his companions, Hugh Byrne, Martin Bourke, Arthur Devlin, and John Mearn. Devlin died soon after his transportation, but Bourke and Mearn were still living in 1843." Shortly

after their arrival in Botany Bay, a plot was formed which was directed against the life of Dwyer. He was tried and acquitted. Governor Bligh, however, sent him to Norfolk Island, and kept him there for six months. The same piece of tyranny was practised on some of the exiles of 1848 for a nominal offence. He was sent then to Van Dieman's Land, where he was left two years. Then Mr. Governor Bligh departed this life, and Governor M'Quarry, who succeeded him, not only allowed our hero to return to Sydney, but appointed him to the situation of High Constable, which he held for eleven years. During this time he was in the condition of a free man, and held some land which he farmed, and made a comfortable livelihood upon. He died at a place called Liverpool, in New South Wales in the year 1805."

His dear, faithful Mary accompanied him from the first into exile, sharing his fortunes to the last, but their children did not go out for several years after his transportation, and then not in time to find him living.

The widow and orphans resided for a long time at Gouldbourn, and her death is thus recorded in the Sydney *Freeman's Journal* of February, 1861 :—

"DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF MICHAEL DWYER, THE UNITED IRISHMAN.—It is fallen to our lot to record the death of this estimable woman, the relict of one who struggled with all his manhood's vigour for a noble cause some sixty-two years ago. On Wednesday evening, Mary, wife of Michael Dwyer, a well-known '98 man of the county Wicklow, departed this life at the age of ninety-three. Through the strong struggles of '98 and 1803, she stood like a guardian spirit near her patriot young husband. Her husband died in the year 1805, in this colony, leaving seven children, all of whom are still alive and in honourable positions. All her wishes in life were accomplished before her eyes closed in death. When she lived to see her two grandchildren sheltered under the guardianship of Mother Church—one a holy young priest, the other a dweller in the peaceful shades of the cloister, she sung her hymn of resignation, 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord.' Her funeral obsequies were attended by a large number of the city and country clergymen. The Bishop's carriage was in the *cortêge*—a mark of respect for departed worth May she rest in peace!—Amen."

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